

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 774

SEP. 27, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC

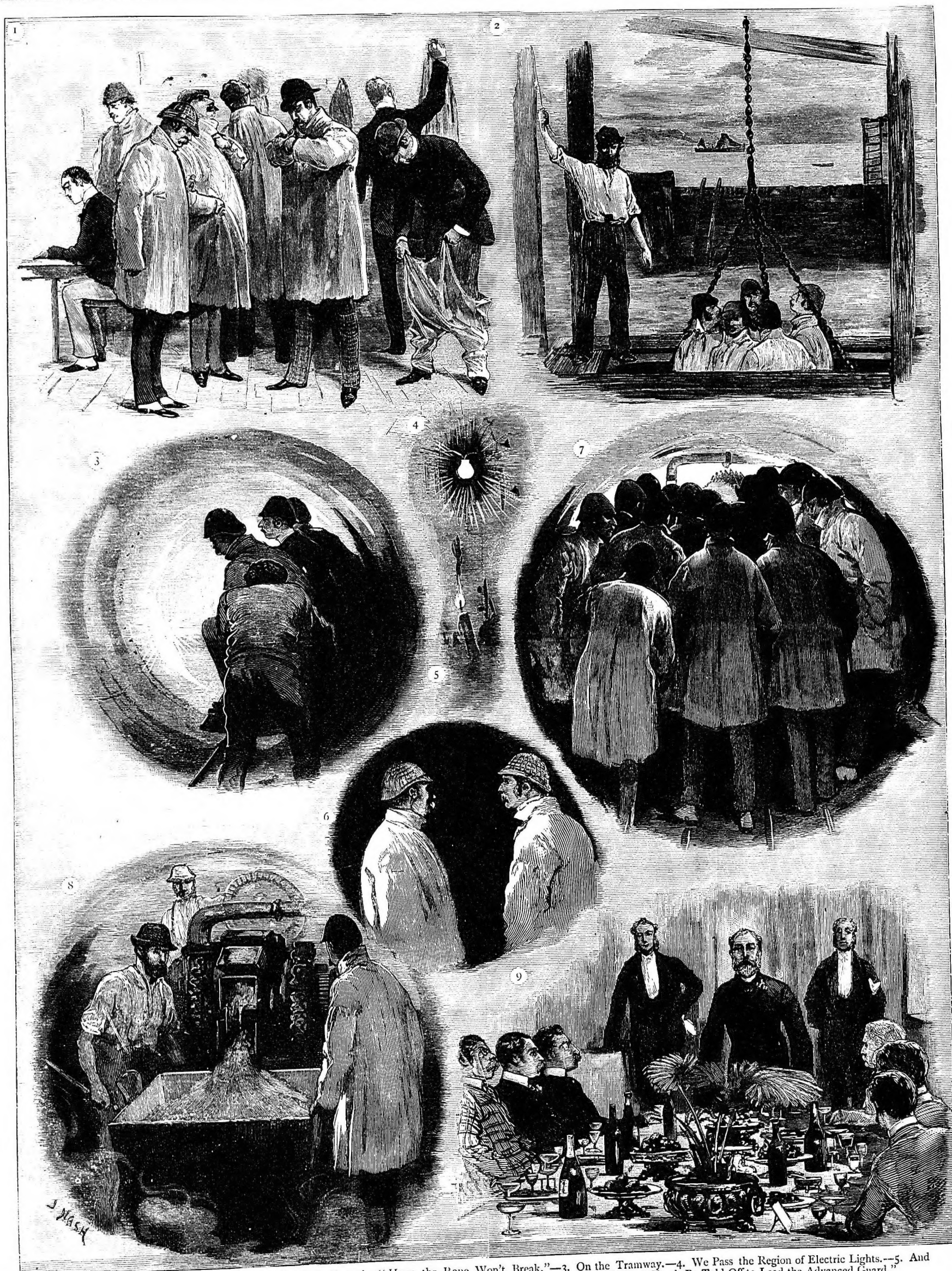
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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1. Preparations for the Descent.—2. The Mouth of the Tunnel: "Hope the Rope Won't Break."—3. On the Tramway.—4. We Pass the Region of Electric Lights.—5. And Reach that of Tallow Candles.—6. "I Say, Dear Chappie; If We Invade France Through the Tunnel, I Hope I Shan't Be Told Off to Lead the Advanced Guard."—7. A Lecture at the End of the Tunnel.—8. The Boring Machinery at Work.—9. Proposing the Queen's Health.

VISIT OF MILITARY OFFICERS TO THE WORKS OF THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

Topics of the Week

EGYPT AND ENGLAND.—The Government has not been very happy in its first attempt to act vigorously in Egypt. The suspension of the Sinking Fund has occasioned an outcry against us not only in Paris but in all the great Continental capitals; and it must be admitted that there is some excuse for the dissatisfaction which has been expressed. That the ordinary revenue of Egypt does not suffice for the ordinary expenditure everybody admits; and the suspension of the Sinking Fund, if it had been effected in consequence of an understanding with the Powers, would probably have been as good a way of meeting the difficulty as any that could have been suggested. But to act in direct violation of an international agreement—that was certainly a pretty "strong" measure; and it seems all the more remarkable when we remember how vehemently Mr. Gladstone used to denounce his predecessors for their supposed disregard of the European Concert. Now that the step has been taken, however, it is to be hoped that the decree which has given so much offence will not be withdrawn; for any fresh indications of hesitancy on our part would make it almost impossible for us either to protect our own interests in Egypt or to do justice to the Egyptian people. There does not seem to be the slightest danger that Europe will seriously try to interfere with us, if we show that we have a clear and consistent policy. Even the bondholders grumble against us only because we have prevented the revival of material prosperity in the Delta; and both they and their Governments (the French Government alone excepted) would welcome any sign that we had really begun to recognise the full extent of our responsibilities.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN NAVIES.—It would be rash to assert that there is no justification for the cry of alarm raised by the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and that the British Navy, as at present existing, is the best Navy which is reasonably possible. But, while deprecating optimism, it may be worth while to show why the public should not rush into the opposite extreme of panic. In the first place there is nothing new about these alarmist theories. Elderly people, who choose to ransack their memories, will confess that the Admiralty has always (in the opinion of critics out of office) been the most inefficient and badly-managed branch of the public service. Secondly, it will be observed that Mr. W. H. Smith, who speaks with the authority conferred by practical experience, does not venture to say that these panicky fears are based on any solid substratum of fact—he merely advises the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to investigate the matter. If the Government should accept his proposal, the result will almost certainly be that by the time the Committee presents its Report the public will have transferred its enthusiasm to some other topic. It does not follow, however, that, because the bulk of the people necessarily know little of, and ordinarily care little for, the intricacies of naval administration, the matter should not be investigated as closely as possible. The results of such investigation would almost certainly show that naval efficiency is chiefly a question of money, that is, of taxation. If we taxpayers choose to submit to a heavy additional load of taxation (which practically means an enlargement of the income-tax), we can undoubtedly have a bigger and more efficient navy, we can fortify some of our leading commercial harbours, we can place our coaling-stations abroad in a state of defence. Either Lord Northbrook or Mr. W. H. Smith will cheerfully do all this for us, provided we agree to pay the bill. Then comes the question: Is it worth while? Taxation is already very heavy, and most of it is for warlike purposes, past, present, and prospective. To attain the degree of impregnability which would satisfy some of these alarmist gentlemen would imply an income-tax of about half-a-crown in the pound. By all means let us have reasonable security, but let us, as did our forefathers, trust something to the chapter of accidents. After all, the nations against whom we are asked to raise these tremendous bulwarks of defence are something better than a mere pack of wolves, howling for the blood of an Englishman. The so-called barbarians of the ancient world might reasonably desire the fall of Rome because the Roman power was despotic and subversive of local patriotism; but no such jealousy need be aroused by the British Empire, whose wide territories are freely open to men of every nation under heaven. Let us habitually strive to treat foreign Powers with the same justice and consideration which we wish to be shown to ourselves. We shall then have a better defence than can be afforded by an inordinate multiplication of the instruments of war.

BISHOPS AND DEANS.—The Bishops of those newly-created Sees which are without Deans and Chapters will not miss these luxuries as they watch the dispute between their Right Rev. brother of Chester and Dean Howson. The excessive authority which Deans enjoy in their cathedrals was committed to them after the overthrow of the Stuarts for the express purpose of weakening the Episcopacy. The Dean, who, according to the arrangements of the early Church, was to be nothing more than the Bishop's chief adjutant in the Diocese—in fact, the primitive Deans were archdeacons—

was by the new system made the Bishop's overseer. The authors of what Cardinal Grandison in "Lothair" drily calls a "Parliamentary religion" thought that every Government should have an Opposition, and they assuredly hit upon a happy idea when they so ordered matters that a Bishop should not be master in his own cathedral, but should live subject to the good pleasure of a subordinate from whom he was canonically entitled to claim obedience. This beautiful confusion has kept strife burning in every Diocese for two centuries; but Churchmen have grown rather tired of it, and Dean Howson will not find many sympathisers in his attempt to dictate to his Bishop on a matter of ritualistic observance. Leaving the *pros* and *cons* of the Eastward Position out of account, there is something absurd in a Dean setting himself up to tell his Diocesan how the latter should stand at the altar; and it was to be expected that a prelate of Bishop Stubbs's calibre would promptly resent this interference by telling the Dean to mind his own business. Dr. Howson is a well-meaning clergyman, but he does not always sustain the reputation which he won as co-author with the late Rev. W. J. Conybeare of the "Life and Epistles of St. Paul." There is a story of his having preached a University sermon at Cambridge in the hearing of the late Bishop Wilberforce. At the conclusion of the sermon the Bishop remained pensive for a moment, and then muttered: "What a clever fellow Conybeare must be!"

REDISTRIBUTION.—During the last two months we have been constantly assured by the Conservatives that Enfranchisement and Redistribution ought to be dealt with in the same Bill, and by the Liberals that they ought to be settled in separate measures. Have we not heard about enough regarding this particular aspect of the controversy? No one seems able to throw any fresh light on the subject, and probably everybody who takes the faintest interest in politics has already formed an opinion in favour of one side or the other. After all, there is a far more important question—on what principle ought the redistribution of seats to be effected? If the two parties could come to an understanding about this, the method of procedure would cause no difficulty; yet, oddly enough, neither the Liberal nor the Conservative leaders appear to be disposed to grapple with the problem. In submitting the Franchise Bill to the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone expounded some of the general principles which ought in his opinion to regulate Redistribution; but he has not returned to the subject, nor have any of his colleagues in the Cabinet discussed it. As for Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, they content themselves with producing a few statistics which indicate the importance of an adequate representation of political parties in the counties. One politician—a prominent Conservative in Liverpool—was bold enough to write to the *Times* lately, expressing his conviction that the only true solution is to be found in equal electoral districts. There is a good deal to be said for this view, since each party will always be tempted to manipulate the constituencies for its own benefit unless the distribution of seats is determined by a definite principle. At any rate, the proposal is worthy of serious discussion; and our leading statesmen would do excellent service if they would carefully present the arguments for and against it instead of perpetually trotting out commonplaces of which even ardent party politicians are beginning to be heartily tired.

CHOLERA AND THE SUEZ CANAL.—Some interesting personal experiences on this subject will be found on page 334. It is noteworthy that the strange superstitions which are rife in some parts of Italy show that the popular mind there is little more enlightened concerning the phenomena of epidemic disease than it was in 1832. Worse still, perhaps, there are upon the Continent numbers of people far above the rank of peasants or day-labourers, who would laugh at the hideous absurdity of doctors going about disseminating "cholera powder," but who nevertheless are firm believers in the old-fashioned quarantine doctrines, and who also seem to hold that the Suez Canal is a tube through which England (regardless of everything except commercial gain) pours choleraic infection into Europe from her Indian possessions. A few observations on each of these points may not be out of place. Confidence in the old quarantine system should surely be shaken by the experience of this summer, for Spain and Italy, where the regulations are enforced most strictly, have hitherto been the only two countries attacked. We wish that our Continental friends would be at the pains dispassionately to compare the two systems. In the English system—if we may venture so to style it—isolation is only resorted to in cases of disease, or (as on board ship), of close proximity to disease. In the Continental system, persons apparently healthy are herded together under most unsanitary conditions for many days together. If there should be any latent cholera in the crowd thus brought into involuntary contact, the average lazaretto constitutes a fine hotbed for its development. Then the severity of the treatment causes people to seek to evade it altogether, and these escapees are sometimes fresh from a cholera-tainted locality. There are some grounds for supposing that the pestilence was in this manner introduced into Spain. Next, with regard to the Suez Canal. England is guiltless of the present epidemic, which it is pretty clearly established was brought by a French troop-ship from Tonquin. And although it would at first sight seem that Europe—especially Southern Europe

—must run greater risk of infection now than when vessels were purified by the long voyage round the Cape, still, as a matter of fact, Italy suffered far more often from cholera before than after the Canal was opened. This would seem to show that cholera—which is practically endemic in the Indian seaports—either breaks out on board a vessel before the Canal is reached, or does not show itself at all. At the same time, if the sensitive condition of Continental opinion can be allayed by any expedients which are in accordance with scientific data, and are not subversive of free intercourse, no doubt our Government would be willing to adopt them.

UNTRIED PRISONERS.—Some unpleasant revelations have been made as to the state of Irish prisons, where the lot of untried prisoners seems to be quite as hard as that of the convicted. But English gaols are not exemplary in this respect, and year after year the Reports of the Prison Commissioners are issued without any mention being made in them of serious efforts to improve the condition of persons who are in custody awaiting trial. Meanwhile complaints are heard every day in the Police Courts from men under remand who cannot understand why, being unconvicted, they should be punished by deprivation of tobacco, newspapers, or of work by which they might continue to support their families. Many accused persons have to go to prison simply because they cannot get bail. Sometimes they are innocent; often their offences are slight, and should entail no heavy punishment; yet in one case, as in the other, loss of liberty before trial is aggravated by quite unnecessary hardships. In foreign countries the treatment of untried prisoners is much fairer than here. A French shoemaker, tailor, or jeweller who is in prison under remand may continue to work at his trade in his cell if his employer will give him orders. This is as it should be. There is downright cruelty in perpetuating the routine by which men who have received no sentence are compelled to live in idleness. This often renders it impossible that they should raise money for their own defence.

LIBERALISM IN SCOTLAND.—Mr. Gladstone's visit to Scotland has been the occasion of a very remarkable series of political demonstrations by the Scottish people. Everywhere, even at remote village railway stations, he has been received with enthusiasm; and not a word has been uttered in his hearing about those blunders in foreign policy which have so severely tried the patience of many of his English supporters. More than any living statesman, he has the *perfidium ingenium* which is still supposed to be the characteristic of the Scotch; and this, no doubt, accounts to some extent for his popularity in the North. The eagerness of the welcome accorded to him has been due, however, rather to his opinions than to his personal qualities; for there can be no doubt that Liberalism, altogether apart from Mr. Gladstone's influence, is stronger in Scotland than in any other part of the United Kingdom. Most Scotchmen would probably explain this fact by pointing out that their countrymen are, as a rule, well educated; but that would be a true account of the matter only if it could be shown that no well-educated persons are Tories. Whatever may be the causes of Scotch Liberalism, it is certainly a very important "factor" in the present political situation; and by and by it is likely to lead to some rather striking results in Scotland itself. In the first place, when the question of Redistribution comes to be seriously considered, we may be sure that the Liberal party will not be indisposed to do justice to the claims of the Scotch to increased representation in Parliament. Again, Scotland will probably receive as large a measure of local self-government as it cares to ask for; and it will take good care that the grievances of the crofters (a subject in which almost all Scotchmen are intensely interested) are not neglected. The system of primary education in Scotland is already nearly as good as it can be made; and great improvements are being effected in the system of secondary education. The Scottish Universities, however, are not so efficient as they might be; and good legislation in their behalf is one of the rewards which Scotland expects for her loyalty to the Liberal chief. It is not so easy to foresee what may be the effect of the Liberal movement on the Established Church. During the last ten or fifteen years the Scottish Established Church has made extraordinary progress both in freedom of thought and in zeal for good works, and it is not impossible that if the question of Disestablishment were formally submitted to the constituencies, a large majority would be found to favour the maintenance of the existing relations between Church and State.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.—What a pity it is that so many of the attempts made to benefit poor people are frustrated by the inherent depravity of human nature! How nice that the working man should have his club just like my lord at the Carlton or the Reform, only he is supposed to drink beer instead of Chateau Margaux, to smoke a briar-root pipe instead of an Intimidator, and to read an "improving" book instead of the "society journal" in which his "betters" indulge. The model working man thus enjoying his modest pleasures makes a pretty picture for the imagination, but unfortunately it is not always realised. Too often these working men's clubs are institutions whose main attraction is that liquors can be got there after the regular "pubs" have closed, or because, under cover of a club, a good deal of

gambling goes on. Again, how nice for a working man, instead of paying rent year after year till he dies or goes into the workhouse, to pay an annual sum, and then at the end of a few years be master of a house of his own! Surely, there cannot be a more philanthropic self-helping institution than a Building Society. But, alas! here again the Devil steps in to spoil a good thing. Read Mr. Thomas Hardy's letter in Monday's *Times* (we can personally corroborate what he says), and it will be found that a great many of our Building Societies are little better than contrivances for holding periodical raffles. Instead of a man getting a house of his own by long-continued self-denial and thrift, he hopes to get a sum of money by what is called the "appropriation," which is decided by pure chance. We hope the "ministers of religion" by whom, according to Mr. Hardy, these concerns are patronised, will read his letter, study the subject, and then decide whether such institutions are deserving of encouragement.

LADY GUARDIANS.—The idea that has been mooted of appointing some lady-Guardians in each parish is a very good one. In London professional men and business men who have their offices in the City can find no time for parochial concerns, so that the Guardians are always chosen from among local tradesmen, and generally from a small ring of such tradesmen. A few weeks ago in one of the biggest metropolitan parishes 110 ratepayers met to elect 60 Vestrymen. This utter want of interest on the part of parishioners in the men who are to manage their municipal affairs can only tend to encourage jobbery and maladministration. Londoners who think that matters go on pretty smoothly in the different parishes should take up a suburban paper now and then, and they will be surprised to see how accusations of extravagance, nepotism, corruption, and incapacity abound in all reports of Vestry meetings. It does not follow that because these accusations are made they are always true; but obviously small bodies of almost irresponsible officials, having control over enormous sums of public money, and over a number of snug local appointments, must lie under strong temptations to make things pleasant for themselves, their kinsfolk and acquaintances. The introduction of a few ladies among the Guardians would act as a wholesome corrective to this loose state of things. Ladies work capitally as inspectors, and they are mostly incorruptible. We read lately of a scandalous waste of suet-puddings in a certain workhouse. The Guardians after discussing the subject at two sittings dismissed it as beneath their consideration. But the whole nation would have heard of those suet puddings if one or two resolute female economists had been sitting on the Board; and surely there will be an end to cigars and brandy and water at the ratepayers' expense when lady Guardians overhaul the accounts. We say nothing of the mollifying influence which ladies might exercise over the debates at Vestry meetings. The most pugnacious of men grow silent and amazed in the presence of stout-hearted women declaring in the words of one of Mrs. German Reed's songs: "We can't and we don't, and we shan't and we won't. And we'll speak out our minds if we die for it."

PLAYERS.—So much twaddle is talked nowadays about the theatre, that to many people it must have been a real pleasure to read Mrs. Kendal's fresh and bright paper on the subject. Wiser words than those spoken by her have not been uttered for many a day about plays and players. She was particularly successful in indicating the tendencies against which theatres ought to be on their guard; and it is to be hoped that some of her warnings will be taken to heart by managers, by actors, and by playgoers. One of the signs of progress to which she referred was the improved social position of players; and every sensible person will agree with her that this is good for the profession and for the public. But is there not some danger—not that actors will be too well treated, but that their work will be over-estimated? Acting is often spoken of as if it were as great an art as that of the poet or the painter; and probably some of Mr. Irving's admirers would say that his achievement in representing Hamlet is not less striking than was Shakespeare's achievement in creating the character. This is, of course, nonsense; and we may say with confidence that Mr. Irving would be eager to condemn such pretensions. It is true that a good actor must have some rare qualities both of mind and body, and that these qualities need to be carefully trained; but the function of one who has merely to interpret the thoughts of others is on a much lower level than that of the artist who has to give form to his own conceptions. Recognition of this fact would help to curb the restless vanity which causes so many actors to be ridiculously greedy of applause; and it would make the public less easily satisfied than they generally are at present with the performances of their favourites on the stage.

RESPECTABLE BURGLARS.—The revelations of the Hoxton murder trial ought to disabuse people of their belief in that conventional housebreaker who still figures in the engravings of comic journals. That burly brawny ruffian with well-developed calves, knee-shorts, and a knobby stick may possibly have existed when Dickens drew the portrait of Bill Sikes, but he belongs now to the extinct genera. The modern burglar is very much like anybody else, but he is usually of the town-bred type, slightly built, sallow-com-

plexioned, and undersized. And he is not always "burgling." As was the case with the notorious Mr. Peace, he not only ostensibly but actually follows an honest trade as well. Goldsmith speaks of an article of furniture which is "contrived a double debt to pay, A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day." In like manner, men of the Orrock type are respectable tradesmen while the garish daylight lasts, but robbers and even murderers when the gas is lighted. Orrock had a seat in the chapel which he had marked for plunder, and, after his conscience was stained with the blood of poor Cole, the policeman, he married a member of the congregation. Altogether, the story reads like the plot of a rather improbable sensational novel. We need not enlarge here on the remarkable manner in which the criminal was run to earth after an interval of almost two years, but it is worth noting how, as in the days of Shakespeare, when "wise men" called "stealing" "conveying," so now, the malefactor does not murder, he "pops a man off," or "puts his light out;" he does not steal, he has a "job" at the chapel, he goes there to "fetch some plate." The use of thieves' slang, by the way, is apparently gaining ground among respectable people. To "round on" a person means to betray him. A few years ago many decent folks would not have understood the phrase. But when one of the witnesses in the Hoxton case said, "What! Ruck on my own pal! I wouldn't ruck for a thousand;" Mr. Justice Hawkins asked what "ruck" meant. Thereupon the witness calmly replied, "Rucked means rounded," thus interpreting one slang phrase by another, and the Court seemed perfectly satisfied with the explanation.

"FISH-BAGGERS."—It was in a scornful accent that a suburban tradesman spoke of one of his debtors the other day to a County Court Judge as being "Nothing better than a fish-bagger." His Honour asked whether this meant that the debtor stole fish? The tradesman shook his head, and explained that "fish-bagger" was a contemptuous term applied to young gentlemen who live in fashionable suburbs "without spending a penny there beyond rent for lodgings—when they pay that much." The "fish-bagger" goes to town every morning with an empty bag, and returns in the evening bringing a little piece of fish purchased in the City, which forms the *menu* of his dinner. He buys his clothes, hats, gloves, tobacco, and even his groceries in the City. Suburban shopkeepers get no custom from him; but he cuts up their roads with his cycling; he hangs about their doors ogling their shop-girls when they come out in the cool of the evening; he gives himself airs on the pavement; he helps to drive away good residents from the neighbourhood; and he is an unmitigated nuisance. We have not heard what the "fish-bagger" has to say for himself; but no doubt if he spends so little in the locality where he resides, it is because suburban tradesmen offer him too few inducements to deal with them. As a rule, suburban shops are not well stocked, and the prices of all goods in them are higher than in the City. There seems, however, to be a law of commercial gravitation in these times which attracts the best merchandise to a common centre. Thanks to the extension of railways, tram lines, and omnibuses, the suburbs are growing to be mere places of residence, while the City and the West-Central districts are tending more and more to become one huge bazaar. In another twenty years the "fish-bagger" will perhaps not condescend to carry home his fish and have it cooked there. He will get it forwarded ready-fried from Farringdon Market to his lodgings by pneumatic dispatch tubes.

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IN THE CHANNEL TUNNEL

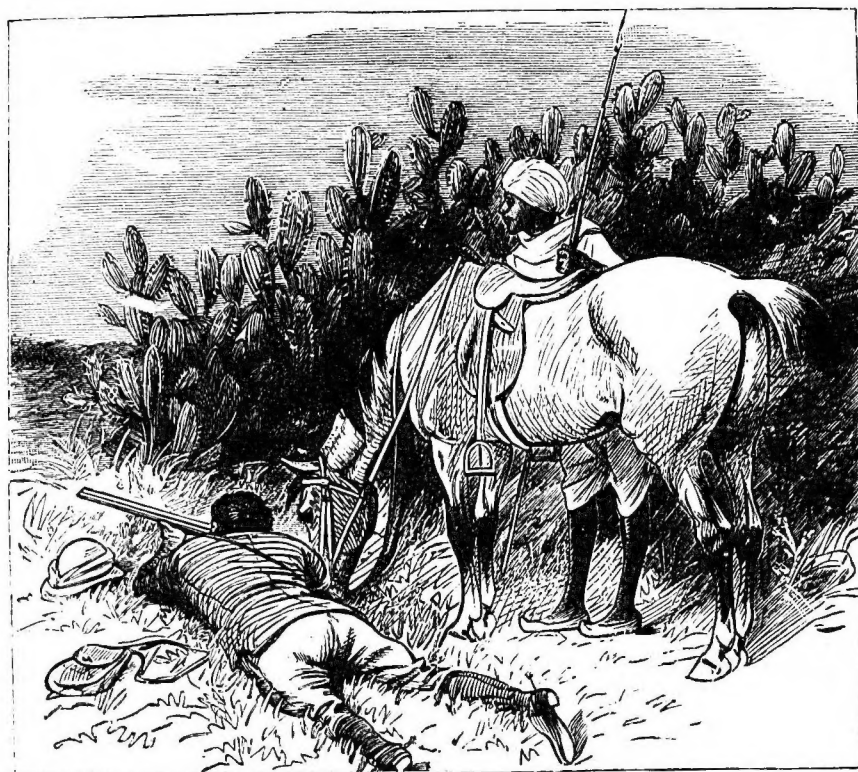
JUST fifty years ago the French engineer, Thomé de Gamond, published the first feasible scheme for a submarine tunnel connecting France with England—an iron tube, to be laid in sections along the bed of the Channel, the tube to be lined with masonry when in its place. Since that time there have been suggestions and plans innumerable for establishing submarine communication between the two countries. Finally, in 1874, the South-Eastern Railway obtained an Act to enable them to make experimental borings, and as the result of these, in 1881 Sir Edward Watkin announced that a tunnel, seven feet in diameter, could be bored in five years. The length would be twenty-two miles, and the cost 2,000,000. Thereupon a Parliamentary Committee was appointed, on which the War Office, Admiralty, and Board of Trade were represented. The military authorities, however, made serious objections to the project, and the Government decided to oppose the Company in its application for powers to make the Tunnel. Accordingly the works were suspended by official order last year, and there for the present the matter rests. That the boring of the Tunnel is perfectly feasible from an engineering point of view is manifest from the portion which has already been done. To this portion our illustrations represent a visit. The mouth of the shaft is situated at Dover, between Shakespeare's Cliff and the Admiralty Pier. The visitors, after having donned a species of canvas costume, were lowered six at a time in a species of iron cage attached to a crane by chains. At the bottom of the shaft was the mouth of the boring, only seven feet in diameter, and in waiting were a couple of trolleys, fitted with seats on either side. The visitors were protected from any droppings of wet or debris by a covered hood over the trolley, in which they were compelled to sit in a rather confined condition with their knees drawn up to their head. Under foot for a great portion of the way was ankle deep in slush. At intervals the Tunnel was lighted by electric lamps set in rude niches in the grey chalk. "Onward," wrote a journalist describing the trip, "to no sound save the splashing made by the tall workmen tramping through the mud and the drip, drip of the water upon the hood above our heads, we are dragged and pushed beneath the shingle and the sand of the shore for a time level with the beach, and then down a quarter of a mile deep past low-water mark under the bed of the Channel. The bore has cut clean through the grey chalk in a circle as round and true as the inside of a wedding ring. At intervals, where it is feared the water may come through, the sides and roof have been packed with lead and clay, and held up with solid iron bands, apparently about eighteen inches wide. Sometimes, in the fitful flashes of light, the eye rests upon falling red rivulets, like streams



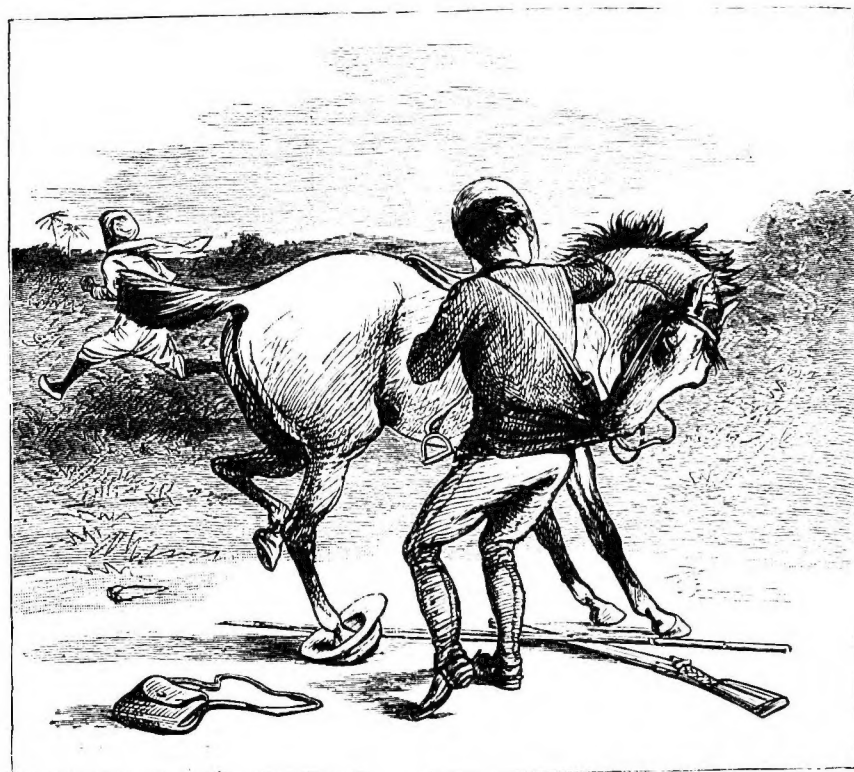
1. The First Thing to Do is to Sigh! the Object of the Chase.



2. Stalking Behind a Bullock Cart is Tedious Business



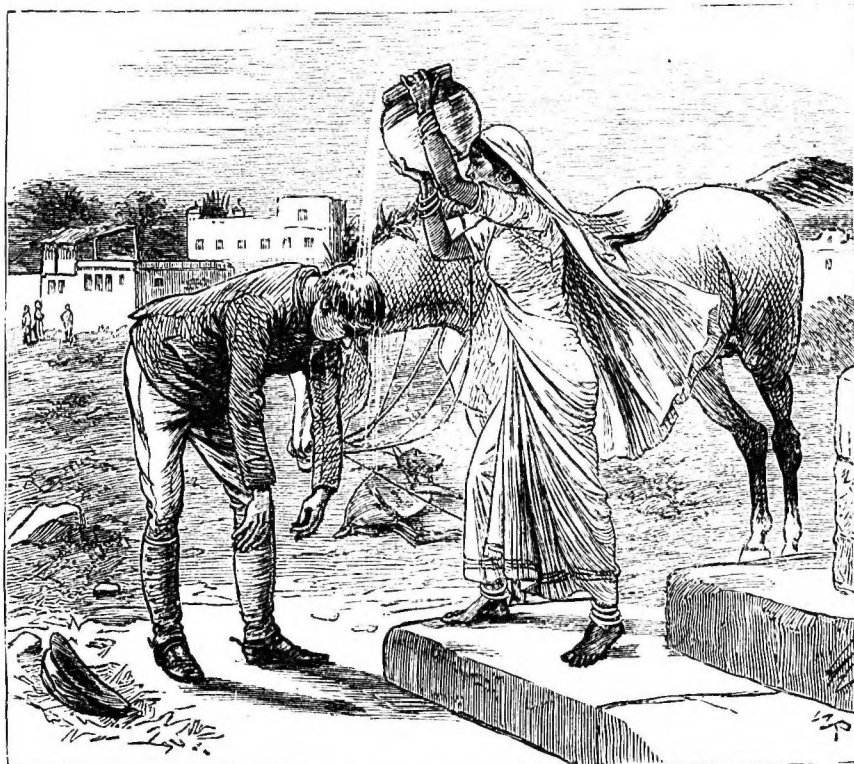
3. Having Dropped Behind a Favouring Cactus Hedge, the Cart Moves On. It is just as Well to Have Your Horse and Hog-Spear Handy to Catch a Wounded Buck.



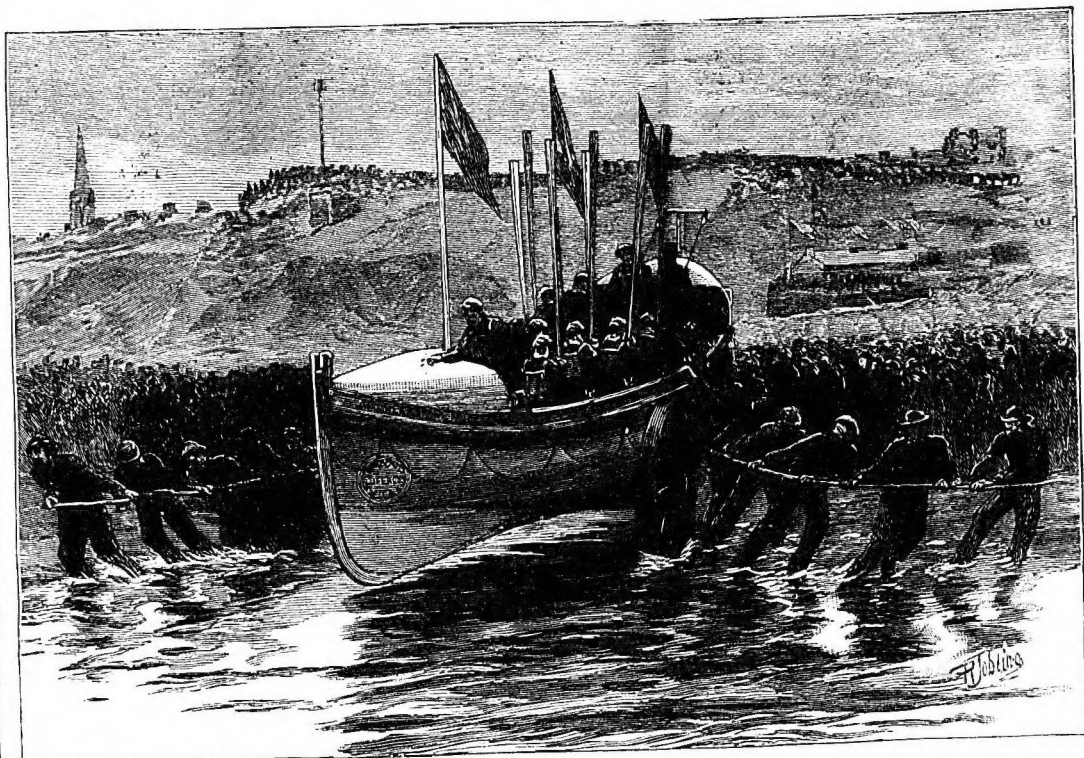
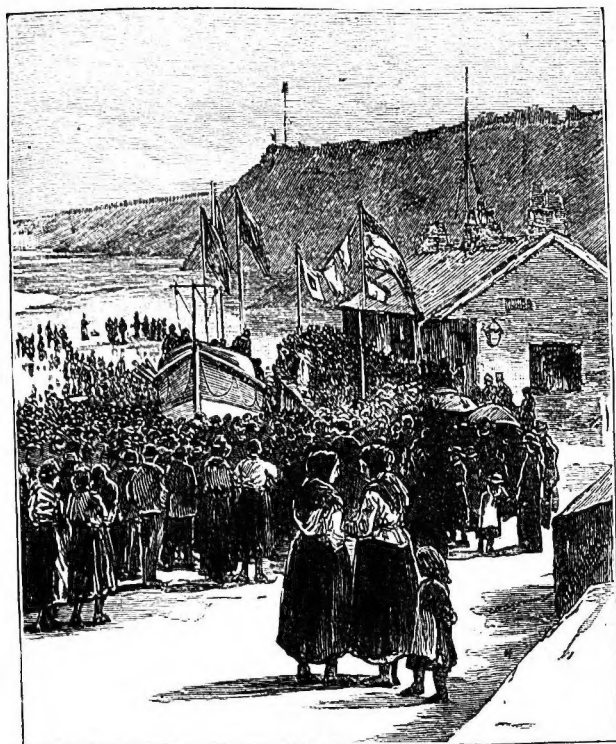
4. At the Critical Moment When the Monarch of the Herd Has Received a Bullet Through His Leg, You Find that Your Ghora Walla (Groom) Has Left Your Girths Loose. He Wisely Flees from the Wrath to Come.



5. Oh, Ye Gentlemen of England that Live at Home at Ease, How Little Do You Think Upon the Pleasures of Riding Through a Thick Jungle, Your Mount a Half-Broken Country-Bred.



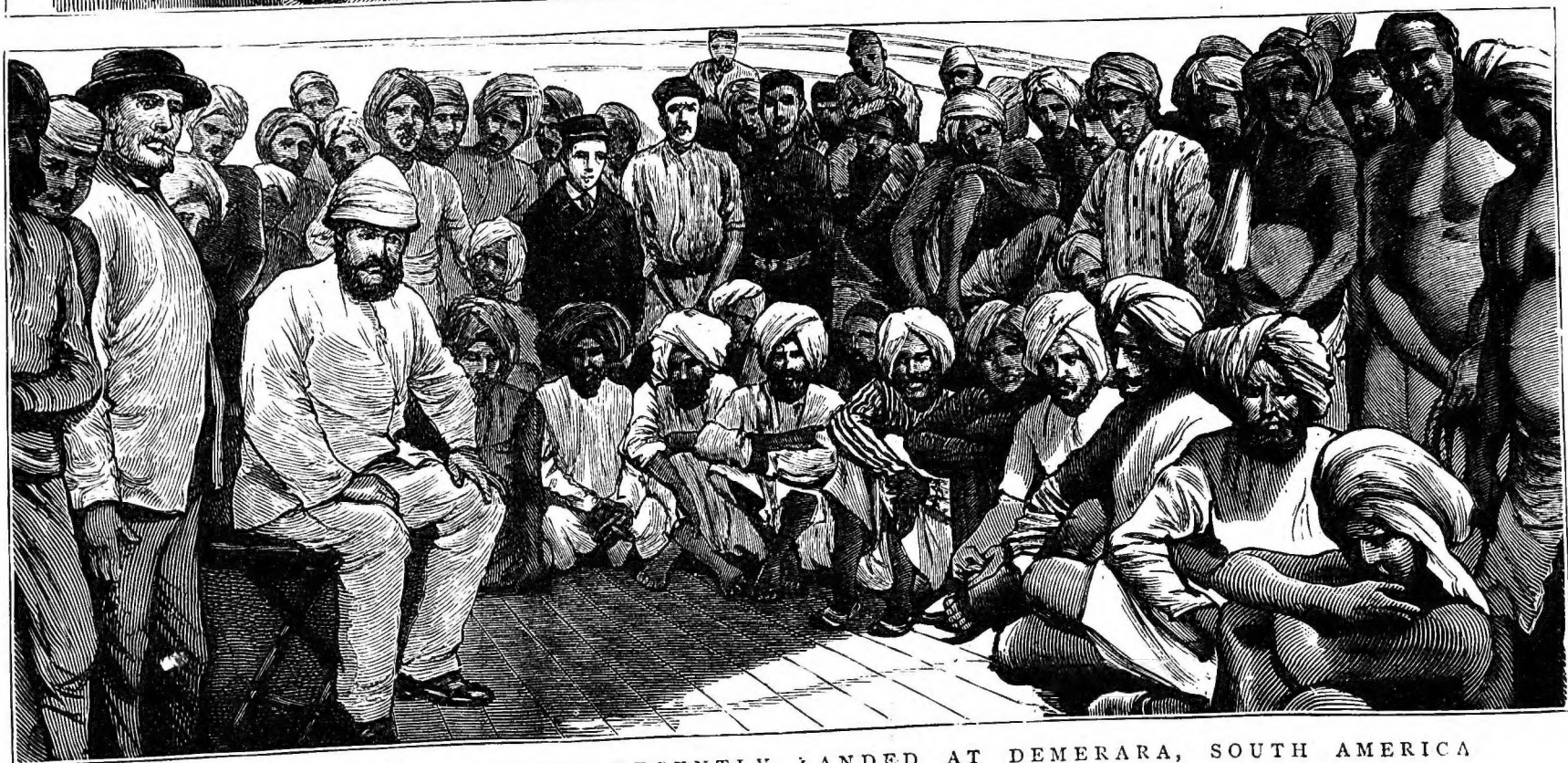
6. But After the Chase is O'er Get Rakmini to Bathe Your Temples Until Your Tiffin Basket Comes Up.



THE RELIGIOUS SERVICE BEFORE THE LAUNCH

THE LAUNCH

LAUNCH OF A NEW LIFEBOAT AT CULLERCOATS, NORTHUMBERLAND, PRESENTED BY THE CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY



EAST INDIAN IMMIGRANTS RECENTLY LANDED AT DEMERARA, SOUTH AMERICA

of blood, flowing down the damp walls. So we go on until the electric lamps cease altogether, and the long, awful cave is enveloped in a darkness which would be impenetrable but for the glimmer of a few tallow candles stuck into the bare walls of the cutting. Even a mile and more from the mouth of the shaft it is not difficult to breathe; for the same machine which works the bore, pumps a continuous stream of fresh air into the tunnel.

At a distance of 2,300 yards the end was reached, and, by special permission of the Board of Trade, the boring machine was set in motion to show the method of its working. The explanation at an end, the visitors started on their return journey.

BUCK-SHOOTING IN GUZERAT

1. THE first thing to do is to sight the object of the chase.
 2. Walking behind a bullock-cart is a tedious business.
 3. Having dropped behind a favouring cactus-hedge, the cart moves on. It is just as well to have your horse and a hog-spear handy to catch a wounded one.
 4. At the critical moment, when the monarch of the herd has received a 450 express bullet through his leg, and is "streaking" away over the boundless savannahs, you sometimes find that your blundering idiot of a *ghora-walla* (*Anglicé*, groom) has left your girths loose. He prudently makes himself scarce.
 5. Here are delineated the pleasures of riding through a thick banbul jungle, your mount a half-broken country-bred, a heavy hog-spear in your hand, a hat without a string, and your quarry going strong.
 6. But, after the chase is over, it is pleasant to get Rakmini to bathe your temples while you are waiting for your tiffin-basket.
- Our engravings are from sketches by Lieut. E. D. Penrose, attached to 16th Bombay Native Infantry, Camp, Surat, Bombay.

THE NEW CULLERCOATS LIFEBOAT

CULLERCOATS is a fishing village on the Northumberland Coast. The lifeboat which has been stationed there for sixteen years was thought to be rather small, according to modern ideas. Then a happy thought came into the minds of the Co-Operative Wholesale Society, Limited. Let us, they said, celebrate our twenty-first anniversary by presenting a new lifeboat to Cullercoats. The suggestion was adopted, and the boat, which cost 650*l.*, was built by Messrs. Forrest, of Limehouse.

"Co-Operative No. 1," for such is her baptismal name, is thirty-seven feet long, with a breadth of beam of eight feet. She is diagonally built of mahogany, with cork lining, is fitted with lug masts, and is supplied with a water ballast system containing all the latest improvements.

The proceedings which are illustrated in our engravings took place on Saturday, September 13th. The lifeboat, gaily painted and decorated with flags, was manned by the crew, and drawn by eight magnificent horses from the North Shields Railway Station to Cullercoats. The passage of the procession was throughout the whole distance witnessed by cheering and enthusiastic crowds.

The scene in Cullercoats Bay on the arrival of the lifeboat was a memorable one. The vast amphitheatre of lofty cliffs was crowded with sightseers, while on the spacious beach below thousands of people gathered in a great mass round the lifeboat.

Then began the ceremony of delivering and receiving the lifeboat. First was sung the familiar nautical hymn, "Eternal Father, strong to save," the singing being led by a choir of fisher-girls; then the Vicar of Whitley read some prayers having special reference to the dangers of the sea, and then various appropriate speeches followed, during which the christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. Bailey.

Immediately after the christening the boat was wheeled to the water's edge, many a volunteer striving to take part in the launching ceremony. At 3.20 P.M. "Co-Operative No. 1" was plunged into the sea, and amid enthusiastic cheers her crew began to ply their twelve oars. She was taken some distance out to sea, and gave every satisfaction to her crew, as she displayed perfect steadiness and buoyancy.

INDIAN IMMIGRANTS AT DEMERARA

SINCE the abolition of negro servitude the difficulty of obtaining labour for the tropical plantations of the West Indies and the adjacent countries constitutes a problem which is by no means easy of solution. The negro, who while he was a slave was compelled to work against his will, now for the most part, except where, as in Barbadoes, the population is very thick, takes life easily. He prefers to loaf about, doing just work enough to procure the bare necessities of life, and no more. Hence his place in the labour market is now to some extent filled by the patient, hardworking, but physically less vigorous natives of the East Indies. Our engravings, which are from photographs by Norton Brothers of Demerara, represent the arrival of a large body of Indian immigrants in the colony of British Guiana. The passage from Calcutta was made in 82 days by the *Ellora*, and the immigrants consisted of 320 men, 128 women, 18 boys, 19 girls, and 8 babies. The immigrants were allotted to plantations on the East and West Banks, and the East Coast, Demerara; Aurora, Essequibo; and East Coast and Canje Creek, Berbice.

THE GERMAN AUTUMN MANŒUVRES

EMPEROR WILLIAM, despite his eighty odd years, and the recent fatigues of the Imperial interview at Warsaw, has diligently attended the annual military manœuvres, which this year have been held at Düsseldorf—thus beating his comparatively juvenile Chancellor, Prince Bismarck, who had excused himself on the plea of over-fatigue—the chief feature being a skeleton campaign between the 7th and 8th Army Corps, the various regiments subsequently parading before the Emperor in magnificent style. Following out the inevitable rule which he has ever adopted—never to neglect military matters—he has sat for hours on his horse patiently watching the defile of regiments, the thundering charges of cavalry, and all the mimicry of war which make up these monster manœuvres. On Monday he himself led past the saluting-point the King's Hussars of Bonn, of which regiment he is the chief, and also the Queen Augusta Regiment, of which the Empress is the nominal commander. Our illustrations are from sketches by Mr. Stephen Lewin, who writes: "The first sketch represents country carts requisitioned for transport service leaving Düsseldorf by the Rhine Bridge, on Sunday evening, the 14th inst. The next shows 7th Army Corps, under General von Witzendorf, storming a pump. Directly after the action on the following Tuesday, a general rush was made by the troops in the immediate neighbourhood to the village pump of Winkelheim as the day was terribly hot and dusty. "A Bad Time for the Turnips" depicts a battery of artillery which had drawn up in the turnip plot of an old peasant. The troops naturally made great havoc amongst his crops, and he was lamenting bitterly to a neighbour, as the compensation paid is very small.

"My last sketch depicts General Moltke watching the parade. The general drove on to the ground in a dirty little country post carriage, drawn by two very poor-looking little ponies, and accompanied by two or three officers of the general staff. He appeared to wish to shun all observation, but was obliged to pass the tribunes and then was most heartily cheered by the public, a manifestation which appeared greatly to upset him. The nature of the ground marched over may be imagined, for where General Moltke halted, just outside the grand staff, was a turnip plot, and the

ground covered by the troops was composed of fields, a little smoothed over just in front of the Emperor."

NEW RUGBY, IN TENNESSEE

NEW RUGBY, in Tennessee, thirty-five hours' rail from New York, through probably some of the finest scenery in the United States, is in the heart of the beautiful wooded Cumberland plateau, about 1,500 feet above sea-level. It is a pretty Anglo-American village settlement in the woods, now being extensively cleared and cultivated by the settlers. Grasses, vegetables, and fruits of all kinds (especially vines), and tobacco, and many kinds of cereals flourish, while the woods themselves, consisting largely of oak, walnut, hickory, maple, and other timber, furnish at once by the process of clearing a first crop of considerable money value. Founded in 1880 by the joint exertions of Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C. and late M.P., the well-known author of "Tom Brown's School-days," and other similar works, and some benevolently inclined American gentlemen of Boston and New York, to supply a want then existing of an outlet for stagnant labour in both countries, it is only now emerging into full life from the infantile difficulties inevitable in such experiments. The beauty of its woodland and hill and river scenery, and the salubrity of its climate, are now constantly attracting a stream of visitors travelling down the picturesque Cincinnati Southern Railway, recently opened as a through route from north to south of the United States. No visitors go without wishing to repeat their visit, and many stay and settle.

The enterprising projectors have done more for the settlers than for themselves, for as yet they have not returned a penny of profit on their investment.

A church (shown in print) with two schoolrooms on the ground-floor, and the church above them, an hotel called the "Tabard Inn," and which is said to contain a relic of the timber which once formed part of that ancient hostelry in the Borough, a cottage hospital (happily not wanted as such, and now let to a settler), a General Store or Commissary on our Civil Service Supply Association plan, in which every settler can buy a share for a nominal sum, stables, a saw mill, and other buildings, a Post Office, and Money Order Office, a telephone to the railway (six miles), which puts the settlement in telegraphic communication with England, and last not least, the "Hughes Free Public Library," a pretty building erected and endowed with 6,000 volumes by the great publishing firms in America and other admirers of "Tom" Hughes, all attest the life and energy of the place. Here also lives the venerable mother of "Tom" herself, aged over eighty, and living in the pretty cottage (shown on page 320), with her son, Mr. W. H. Hughes, and her amiable but motherless grand-daughter. The village has its newspaper, the *Rugbeian*, or *Plateau Gazette*, supported entirely by the settlers, and to which "Tom" is a frequent contributor. Its office is shown in the sketch.

No intoxicating liquors are sold or used in the place except as medical necessities, and the climate is such that nobody seems to require them. By an excellent law of Tennessee no public-house or drinking saloon is allowed within a radius of four miles from a school.

An effort is now being made to supply a want much expressed by good American people, viz., to establish in New Rugby a real "Rugby School" on the English model. Mr. Silvanus Wilkins, an old fellow-worker with Mr. Hughes and Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice, in former days, is now in the United States engaged on this work, in co-operation with some eminent American gentlemen. A Head Master, an old Rugby boy himself—since graduated at Oxford—is already found and ready, so soon as the school can be created.

Each Long Vacation, as it liberates "Tom" from his duties of County Court Judge, finds him on his trip across the Atlantic to visit his aged mother, who is the centre of life of the place. Among the settlers are found a Boston physician of high attainments, who for his own health has betaken himself here, and employs himself in the cultivation of the vine and other fruits, some wealthy Australians seeking health, some higher class Americans on the same errand; an "honours" man from Cambridge, brother of the Head-Master of Clifton; and many from all parts of the Old as well as the New Country, who help to make a very pleasant social community of a somewhat higher and less rough character than is usually the case with new settlements.

As a place of resort for health, pleasure, sport, and recreation, it seems likely to become highly sought, and although, perhaps fortunately for the preservation of its beauty and rusticity, the process of clearing and cultivation may not make fortunes very rapidly, the gradual, but certain, though silent, increase in the value of the land must not less surely, as settlement progresses, make the settlers in this little Arcadia prosperous, and ultimately wealthy.

Our illustrations are from sketches taken by Mr. Alfred Kimber, a member of the New York Stock Exchange.

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY TOUR IN JAPAN

IF the tourist in Japan, instead of keeping to the usual beaten tracks of the Nagasendo and the Tokaido, is tempted to deviate from them from time to time, he will in many cases be amply repaid for his trouble. Nearly in the heart of Central Japan lies the Suwa Lake, by the side of which passes the first-named of the two great main roads of Nippon, and from it flows the Ten-riu-gawa in a succession of really fine rapids, the passage of which, combined as it is with scenery of an unusual striking character, is more than well worth making. The boats used are fifty feet in length, perfectly flat-bottomed, and built in such a manner that they bend freely in the rapids; indeed, the "play" is so considerable as to interfere somewhat at first with a due appreciation of the scenery. Just after embarking the river bores its way through a deep granite gorge, which is merely a prelude to a succession of others of like nature (Nos. 8 and 10), but it is in the neighbourhood of Nishino-to (No. 7) that the grandest part of the scenery exists, though the rapids extend over a distance of some sixty miles.

Reaching by this means the Tokaido, a run of two days in jinrickshas brings the traveller to Nagoya, which is chiefly remarkable for being one of the largest cities in Japan. Its castle (No. 9) is also one of the best extant examples of a Japanese fortress, and, owing to its being used as the military depot of the district, is kept in perfect repair. The two dolphins surmounting the roof are of gold, and cost some 23,000*l.*, half of which sum nearly became lost to the Japanese Government. For one of them having been sent to the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, was wrecked in the Messageries Maritimes steamer *Nil* on its return journey, and shared the fate of the Parthenon friezes. It was, however, finally recovered and re-erected.

In the most southern portion of the Kishiu district is the celebrated Nachi waterfall (No. 5), said to be the highest in Japan. The bottom is reached by a long flight of steps, guarded on either hand by large cryptomerias, and the fall, as seen through a framework of these magnificent trees, is very beautiful, though the body of water is not great. Its height is about 400 feet.

The sacred island of Itsukushima, wrongly called Miyajima in many books on Japan, is one of the most interesting of those in the Inland Sea. The mythical stories of the founding of its temple are described at length in Sir Edward Reed's "Japan," but no description could do justice to the quaintness and beauty of the temples themselves. At high tide the sea completely surrounds them. The tame deer wander placidly about the street, undisturbed by jinrickshas or wheeled vehicles, which are unknown upon the island. Our

illustrations (Nos. 2 and 4) show the Shinto, Torii—probably the only ones in Japan that are built in the water—and a view of the temple from the land side.

Nikko, which is visited by every Englishman who goes to Japan, has been described again and again. The festivals are often of the most gorgeous description, and the contrast of their brilliant colouring with the gloomy cryptomerias overhead, is one which, once seen, is not easily forgotten.

In the illustration No. 6 the procession is being formed at the great steps at the entrance of the temple. It was in commemoration of the victory of Iyeyasu over the sixty-three Daimiyo's, by which the dynasty of the Tokugawa Tycoons was established. Iyeyasu's tomb (No. 1), with its magnificent bronzes, is one of the most revered of all the treasures at Nikko, but the traveller who is not versed in Japanese history will perhaps be more struck with the magnificent avenues of the *Cryptomeria japonica*, which are abundant in the neighbourhood of the temple themselves, and stretch in dark lines for miles in two or three directions from the sacred town.

Kumamoto is a district but little visited by Europeans, although abounding in fine scenery, with an active volcano, Asoyama, and several very fine waterfalls, of one of which, near Toji-no-ki, we give an illustration (No. 3).

Our illustrations are from photographs taken while in Japan by some of the passengers on board the *Marchesa*, R.T.V.C., and are forwarded to us by Mr. H. Guillemard, Eltham, Kent.

STREET SCENES IN BUENOS AYRES

AND

LORD BYRON'S BOATMAN

See page 324.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN CANADA

THE meeting of the British Association at Montreal has been in every way a success. The Canadians have done their best to receive their guests with cordial hospitality, and all classes have vied with each other in organising *fêtes* and entertainments of every description. At Montreal itself the most elaborate preparations were made; a large sum for expenses was subscribed for by the citizens, who, moreover, provided private hospitality for over 300 of the members. The McGill College was prepared for the actual meetings, and was fitted up with the necessary offices, including postal and telegraph facilities, writing rooms, &c. Covered ways were constructed between the buildings, and a large tent was erected in the grounds for a dining-hall. On August 27 the proceedings were opened by an official expression of welcome, and in the evening the opening meeting took place in the Queen's Hall, the President for the year, Lord Rayleigh, delivering his address. The substance of this has been fully reported and duly commented upon, so that we need do no more than record the expression of thanks which he addressed to his hosts. "I am confident," he said, "that those who made up their mind to cross the ocean will not repent their decision, and that, apart altogether from scientific interests, great advantage may be expected from their visit. We Englishmen ought to know more than we do of matters relating to the Colonies, and anything which tends to bring the various parts of the Empire into closer contact can hardly be over-valued."

Chief among the numerous excursions organised for the members of the British Association was a trip to the capital, Quebec.

The members left in the steamer *Canada*, and were enthusiastically received on their arrival. The principal entertainment was an "At Home," given at the Citadel by the Marchioness of Lansdowne. Our sketch depicts the Terrace, which was brilliantly illuminated by Chinese lanterns, while from the cannon on the fortifications coloured lights and Roman candles were displayed by the artillerymen. The weather was unfortunately not very propitious, but thousands of people assembled on the terrace to witness a grand pyrotechnic display.

The two portraits are those of Sir William Dawson, the President of the Royal Society of Canada, and Mr. Hugh McClellan, the Chairman of the Executive Committee. "These gentlemen," writes our artist, Mr. T. H. Thomas, "together with the General Secretary, Mr. J. G. Crawford, have been the prime movers and labourers in bringing over the British Association to Montreal." Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., C.M.G., K.B., was born in Nova Scotia, studied at Edinburgh, and, returning home, devoted himself to the natural history of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. He accompanied Sir Charles Lyell, both in 1842 and ten years later, in his explorations in Nova Scotia. In 1850 he was appointed Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and in 1855 became Principal of the McGill College, Montreal, of which he is now Vice-Chancellor. In 1881 he was created a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and in the following year was selected by the Marquis of Lorne as President of the Royal Society of Canada, an institution founded to aid the development of literary and scientific research in the Canadian Dominion. Our engraving of McGill College is from a photograph by Notman of Montreal, and those of our portraits from photographs by J. E. Livernois, Quebec.

"DRESS, MANNERS, AND ART IN THE LAST CENTURY"

See pages 329 *et seqq.*

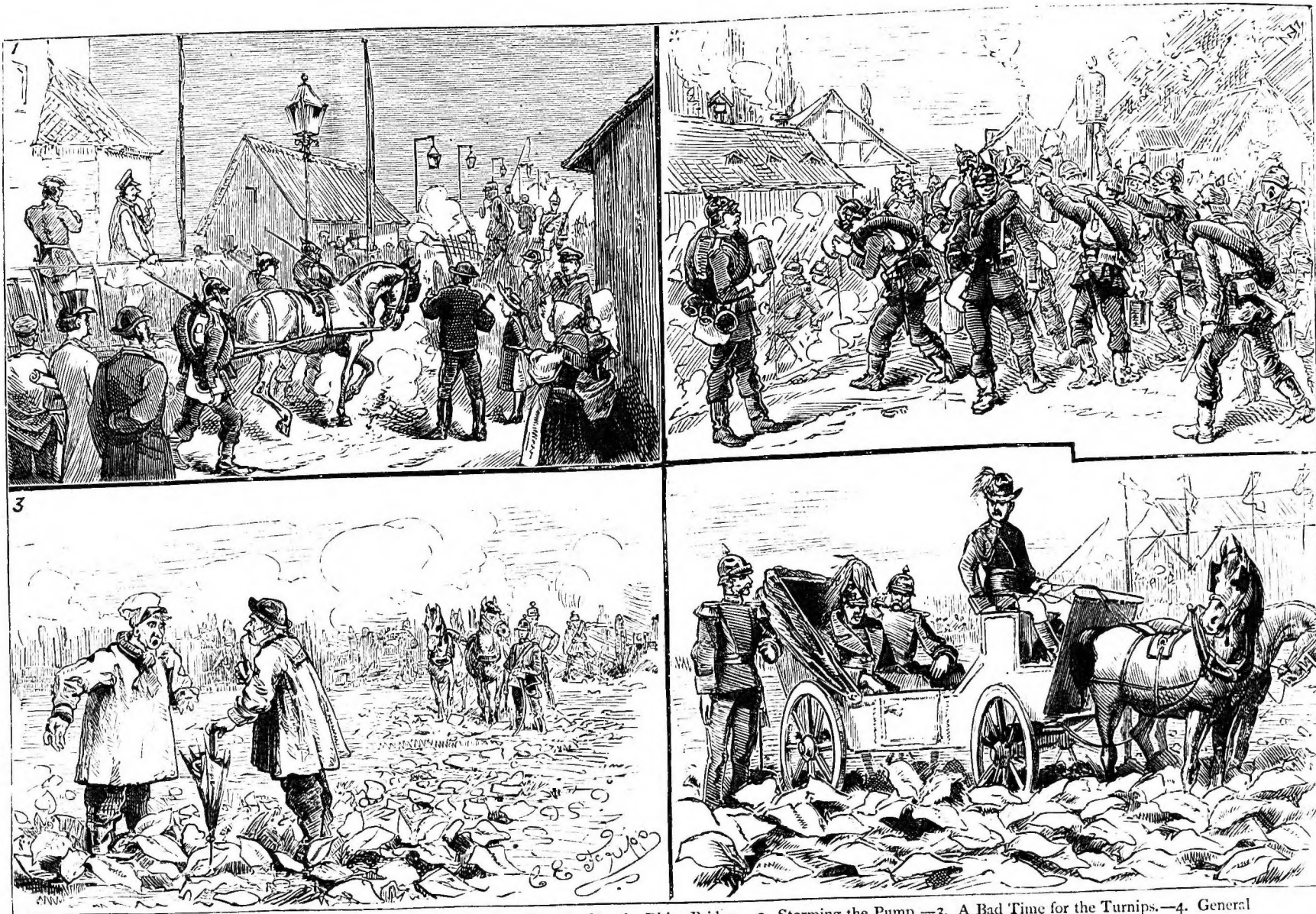
"FROM POST TO FINISIT"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 337.



MR. GLADSTONE, although nominally resting from the fatigues of the warfare of the Recess, has been forced to make short speeches upon the situation in reply to the many addresses presented to him during the week. The Premier still hopes that the House of Lords will depart from the course into which through reckless leadership it has been led. Addressing the Liberals of Cupar Angus and their district, Mr. Gladstone said if the Franchise Bill were not passed next month or the month afterwards, wider issues would be raised, and more decisive results would have to follow upon the movements of this year in regard to the extension of the Franchise. The extent and the earnestness of the demonstrations in favour of the kind before seen, and it is significant that not one of the demonstrations has been marred by an act of violence. The Premier's voice has suffered by the strain recently put upon it, but he had a quiet day as the guest of Sir Andrew Clark prior to the meeting in the City Hall, Perth, where fresh evidence was given of the national desire that the House of Lords should bend to the will of the people.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S MIDLOTHIAN CAMPAIGN has come to a close. A deputation of the National Women's Suffrage Society pressed their claims for consideration once more upon the leader of the Opposition, but although Sir Stafford Northcote declared that the whole question of the Franchise, including Female



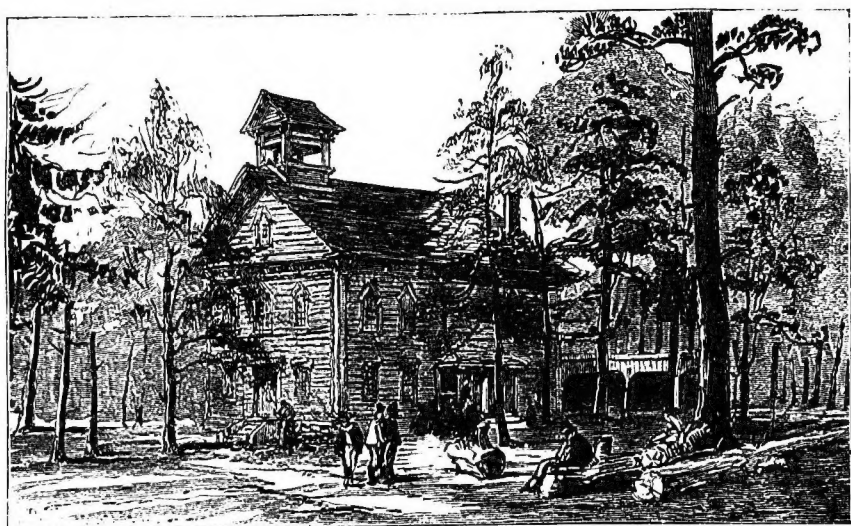
THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES



OFFICE OF "THE RUGBEIAN" WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



RESIDENCE OF MRS. HUGHES

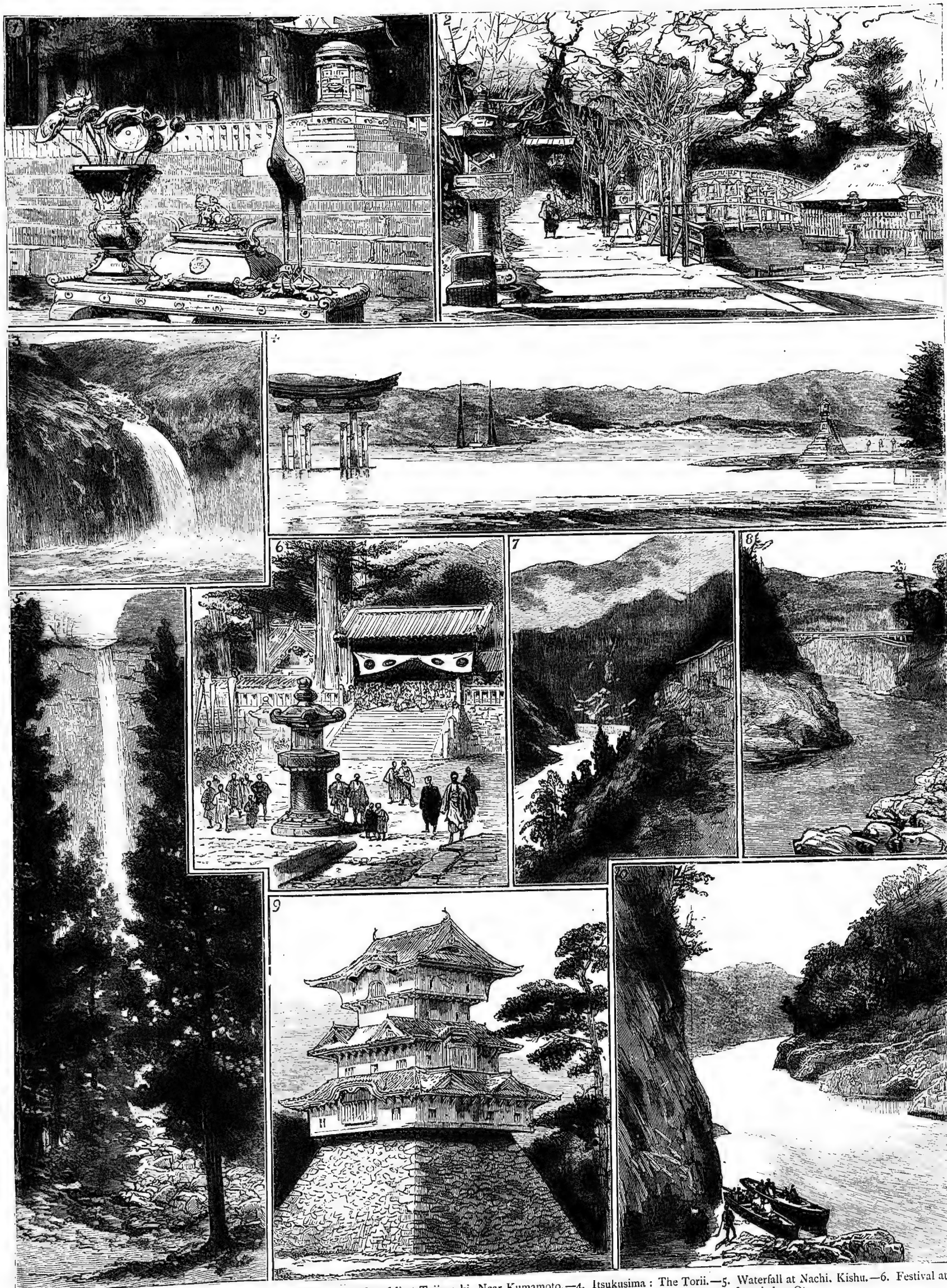


CHRIST CHURCH AND PUBLIC SCHOOL



THE HUGHES PUBLIC LIBRARY

SKETCHES AT MR. THOMAS HUGHES'S SETTLEMENT, NEW RUGBY, TENNESSEE, U.S.A.



1. Iyeyasu's Tomb, Nikko.—2. Itsukushima : The Temples.—3. Waterfall at Toji-no-ki, Near Kumamoto.—4. Itsukushima : The Torii.—5. Waterfall at Nachi, Kishu.—6. Festival at Nikko.—7. Ten-riu River at Nishi-no-to.—8. Ota Bridge, Ten-riu-gowa.—9. Nagoya Castle.—10. Ten-riu-gowa, from below Ota.

SOME OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES IN JAPAN

FOREIGN

ENGLAND'S little *coup d'état* in EGYPT, as the foreign Press is pleased to term the Cairo Cabinet's suspension of the Sinking Fund for a few weeks, has raised another outburst of Anglophobia both in France and Germany. The Paris papers call Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues all sorts of names, of which "brigands" is a comparatively mild specimen, and though a few—a very few—journals acknowledge that the step is inevitable, the great majority make it the occasion for a violent diatribe against England and her action in Egypt. Nor are the Teutonic journals any less hostile to what the *Cologne Gazette* terms "a new specimen of England's arrogance;" and France is assured that any action on her part will be warmly backed up by Germany—and if by Germany, by Austria and Russia as well. The immediate cause of the step is a deficit of something over 30,000*l.* in the Egyptian treasury. In a letter to the members of the Caisse of the Public Debt, the Council of Ministers announce that they are unwilling to suspend the payment of salaries, current administration expenses, and the tribute to the Porte, and consequently have determined to direct those moneys which are usually applied to the redemption of the Debt to be handed to the Minister of Finance until October 25th. Such an order is undoubtedly a direct breach of the International agreement with regard to the Egyptian Debt, and the excuse that the step was proposed and aroused no noteworthy opposition during the discussions of the recent Conference has met with very scanty favour. Up to the time that we are writing, however, only the French Representative has formally protested; but it is asserted that joint protests from France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and perhaps Italy will be presented.

Meanwhile good news is stated to have been received from General Gordon, who is asserted to have completely defeated the enemy in two battles, one on July 24th, when Emir Abou Khanga and his army were slaughtered, and another on August 30th, when Sheikh Sid, his son, and his followers were killed, and the siege of Khartoum was raised. These letters all come through the Mudir of Dongola; and, though they are generally regarded as authentic, it is looked upon as suspicious that they are all in Arabic, that they ask for such information as would be extremely useful to the enemy, and that they urge the despatch of Turkish troops—a measure to which Gordon has always been opposed. It is urged, also, that if Gordon could secure the delivery of letters in Arabic, he could also have forwarded despatches to his Government, or letters to his friends, none of whom have received any communication. Still, those on the spot regard the news as true, while it has also been ascertained that Senaar is in perfect security, and that the whole of the Shaggia country is now tranquil. The favourable news, however, has not relaxed the energy with which the preparations for the advance are being pushed forward. The boats and supplies are now arriving at Alexandria, and are being sent on to Wady Halfa with all possible despatch, and Lord Wolseley and his staff without waiting for further reinforcements will proceed up the Nile to-day (Saturday). General Farle and Colonel Stewart have already reached Wady Halfa, and the latter will at once go on horseback to Dongola, where the Sussex Regiment has now arrived after a twelve days' journey from Sarras. It is reported thence that the Cataracts are not difficult for handling boats, and an officer of Canadian experience asserts that the results have surpassed his expectations. The chief concentration of troops is, of course, at Wady Halfa and Sarras, whence the railway is being extended to Ambukol. The *Nasif Kheir* has reached Sarras a little injured after her perilous passage up the Second Cataract, but is now being repaired. From Suakim we hear that the rebels are weary of the constant fruitless attacks, and that they have retired. According to an Indian native journal, the Mahdi has written to the Ulema of Medina, asking him to pray on the tomb of the Prophet for the triumph of his cause. He declares that he never intended to raise his sword against the Sultan, but only to free his native land "from the yoke of the Christians and their creature, Tewfik." If successful, he promises to acknowledge the Sultan's suzerainty and send tribute to Stamboul.

FRANCE and CHINA continue on the same unsatisfactory and dangerous footing. Admiral Courbet is at Matsou, where he is awaiting instructions from the Home Government with regard to his policy towards neutrals, and the arrival of the reinforcements now on their way to him. He is not expected to make any further "demonstration" for a fortnight. China is in the same undecided condition as ever, but is blocking her rivers in expectation of visits from the French Fleet. Thus, the Woosung bar has already been blocked—a passage being left open for neutrals. The foreign colony is evincing considerable anxiety as to the future, and at Shanghai there is a perfect panic. Amongst other complications, the destruction of the war junks in the Min has removed the machinery for the destruction of the piracy which is the scourge of Chinese waters, and compels the neutral fleets to perform police functions. Indeed, every vessel of Admiral Dowell's fleet is thus employed, and an increase of his force is rendered necessary. Letters from the *Times* correspondent prior to the bombardment of the Kinjai forts testify to the blind arrogance of the Chinese, which may be gathered from the expression of one young Celestial who had been educated in the United States, and therefore may be looked upon as more enlightened than his fellow-countrymen. He declared that the Chinese are simply holding off from French throats from lofty motives, and that they could blot out the French fleet to-morrow. At the same time, the humbler classes appear to dread a war, fearing the terrors of starvation and the horrors of a bombardment. They begin not to discriminate between French and other foreigners—a danger which always has to be faced by neutrals when China is at loggerheads with a Western Power. When the bombardment of the forts actually did take place, the Commander-in-Chief, Chang Pie Lun, who had long asserted that all the defences were ready, and that he was prepared to face the French, behaved like a poltroon, and directed operations from a safe distance. The correspondent highly praises the "ability, character, and courage of Admiral Courbet, who thoroughly carried out the work entrusted to him."

In FRANCE proper there is—if rumour speaks truly—a division in the Cabinet with regard to the future action in China. M. Jules Ferry and General Campon, the Minister of War, having disagreed respecting the convocation of the Chambers. The latter wishes to summon Parliament, M. Jules Ferry does not, and a warm discussion is expected at a Cabinet Council to be held to-day (Saturday). General Campon will also bring forward his scheme for a French colonial army, which all unite in agreeing is absolutely necessary at present for the organisation and establishment of France's Eastern Empire. There is very little other French news of interest. Two Deputies, MM. Brutus Bouchet and Marius Poulet, have been convicted of swindling, having as directors of the Zodiac Insurance Company distributed fictitious dividends and certified to falsified accounts. In PARIS typhoid fever is again rampant, and the smells in the streets are stated to be overpowering—the Seine being little better than an open sewer. Notwithstanding the dead season is fast coming to a close, and there have been two more theatrical novel-

ties, *Le Grand Mogol*, an opera bouffe produced at the Gaité, the music written by M. Edmond Audran, and a new opera comique by Hervé at the Nouveautés, *La Nuit aux Soufflets*. The much-talked-of Baby Show has been forbidden by the Prefect of Police on the advice of the Board of Health, on account of the manifest danger of exposing young children to cold, disease, and contagion.

The cholera epidemic in ITALY is showing signs of diminution, and the deaths at Naples on Tuesday fell to 126 out of 264 cases. The disease, however, is still rife at Spezia, in the provinces of Bergamo, Cuneo, Parma, and some others, while there have been two other cases in Rome. The Pope, in a letter to his Secretary of State, Cardinal Jacobini, has announced his intention—in the event of the epidemic spreading to the Eternal City—of establishing and maintaining a cholera hospital in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, "because in this way it will be easy for us to visit those attacked by the illness, and console them." Moreover, should the epidemic take deep root, the Pope announces that "We reserve to ourselves as far as possible an opportunity to dispose likewise of our Lateran Pontifical Palace." In FRANCE, where the cholera has almost entirely disappeared, the chief Sanitary Inspector, Dr. Proust, attributes the mildness of the outbreak in that country to the adoption of "Really common-sense hygienic measures, as opposed to restrictive, exaggerated, and excessive measures." He denounces the land quarantine measures in Italy and Spain as "only a means of spreading the epidemic." In SPAIN the disease seems to be rife in the provinces of Alicante, Lerida, and Tarragona. The official reports, however, are very meagre, and treat rather of "suspicious cases" rather than of cholera seizures.

In GERMANY the military manoeuvres, which are treated in another column, have come to an end, and the Emperor, with the Crown Prince, has gone to Munster. Next month a commission of experts on vaccination will discuss the general introduction of vaccination, and the best means of carrying it out. According to investigations by Mr. Koch, there has not been a single case of small-pox in the German Army since 1874, whereas in the French and Austrian Armies, where vaccination is less carefully carried out, there have been many. With regard to infectious diseases also, the heads of the Berlin Schools have been ordered to report every case which comes to their knowledge to the Royal Sanitary Commission. An interesting Census return shows that 42.5 of the population of Germany are engaged in agricultural pursuits, 35.5 in industries, 10 in commerce, 12 in the public service and otherwise, and in no calling whatever.

AUSTRIA is full of speculation as to the ultimate result of the Skiermievicz interviews, particularly with regard to Egyptian affairs, and England is pronounced to have placed herself in the wrong by her arbitrary financial *coup d'état*. The Emperor opened the new Arlberg Tunnel on Saturday, amid great popular festivities. This tunnel is the third largest in the world (6.8 miles), being only surpassed by those of Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard. It runs from Landeck to Bludenz, has taken four years to construct, and is the first bore through the Alps in the direction from east to west. The Anarchist Kammerer has been quietly judged by a military tribunal, condemned, and hanged before the public were aware of his death sentence. Twenty-one further arrests have been announced, but the ardour of the Anarchists seems unchecked, as we read of burglaries committed on gunpowder and dynamite stores, of a mine exploding in a church of Wiener Neustadt, and of a dynamite explosion in the Vienna Town Hall. Troubles may again be expected in the Croatian Diet when the Starcevic Party, to whom were due the scandalous scenes of last Session, have been returned in increased numbers by the new elections.

In INDIA the Afghan Boundary Commission started for Nushki on Monday. Large reductions in the number of followers and in the transport have been made. The Expedition now comprises 30 Europeans, 1,100 natives, 1,300 camels, and 600 horses and mules. The passage of the desert begins on the 29th inst. The Expedition moves forward in several relays, at sufficient intervals to allow the water-holes dug at the different stages to re-fill. The marches are long, sometimes twenty-five miles.—There is much discussion regarding the establishment of county responsibility, as to procuring civil employment for Reserve soldiers, and it is now suggested to dispense with the agency of the Gosport discharge depot, and distribute the expired and invalided soldiers returning from India directly to counties in which their homes are situated. Moreover, their deferred pay and savings' bank balances should be remitted to the depot centres nearest their place of future residence, and their discharge of papers completed there. Then the soldiers returning home would be safe from the temptations which now beset them, and they will be enabled to reach their homes in a condition far more creditable to the Service than they do at present. It is said that the Commander-in-Chief attaches great importance to this proposition.

AMONGST MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we still have to chronicle very strong feelings of dissatisfaction amongst the Liberals in BELGIUM at the new Clerical School law. No further disturbances, however, have occurred, as the authorities have taken the most stringent precautions against disorder, but Monday being the anniversary of the Revolution of 1830, was made the pretext for a monster popular demonstration at Brussels. The Burgomaster of that city has issued a proclamation declaring that it is the duty of all good citizens to obey the new law, but adding that the coming communal elections will furnish legal weapons to combat the measure which endangers education.—In HOLLAND the Budget shows a deficit. This, which includes the loss by the eventual demonetisation of silver, will be covered by increased taxation and economy in the ordinary administration.—In RUSSIA it has been decided not to re-equip the wooden war vessels, but to build new ironclads.—In SPAIN Señor Castelar has been too warmly welcomed in a tour across the Basque provinces for the liking of the Government, which at Bilbao forbade all bands and speeches in his honour. A tremendous popular ovation, however, greeted the great statesman on his arrival.—In NEW SOUTH WALES the supplementary financial statement declares that the results of the past eight months' revenue are highly satisfactory, and the forecast justifies the expectation of a surplus of 213,000*l.* at the end of the year. The railway loan of 5,000,000*l.* has received the sanction of Government, and is to be placed on the London market early next month.—From SOUTH AFRICA the news is eminently unsatisfactory, as the Transvaal authorities are evidently bent upon fomenting petty wars and incursions, so as to render the situation intolerable to the British Government, and induce it to cease all opposition to the eventual absorption of the disturbed districts by the Transvaal.—CANADA has been startled by the proposition of Jamaica to join the Canadian Union. The Government have replied that they could take no steps in the matter until the Home Government had signified its acquiescence.

A SOCIETY IN AID OF DESTITUTE NOBLES has been formed at Berlin, many of the German nobility being so poor that they cannot possibly maintain their social status. Many cab-drivers, lamp-lighters, barbers, &c., are starving nobles, who found that their much-prized "Von" would not bring them food and raiment, and this *Nobilitas* Society has accordingly been organised by the richer brethren. So, at least, reports the Berlin correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*.



THE QUEEN will remain in Scotland for two months longer. Her Majesty and the Princesses continue their excursions round Balmoral, while the Grand Duke of Hesse goes out deerstalking, frequently joining the Royal party from Aberfeldie. Amongst their drives the Queen and the Princesses Christian, Beatrice, and Irene visited the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, where they had tea, and on Saturday went to the Danzig Shiel, the Duchess of Albany and the Grand Duke of Hesse accompanying them. Previously, the Prince of Wales, with Prince Albert Victor and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their children, had visited Her Majesty, while in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, Sir E. Malet, and the Rev. D. Macleod dined with the Queen. On Sunday Her Majesty and the Royal Family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, when the Rev. D. Macleod officiated, and Sir E. Malet dined with the Queen, the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Irene going to dine with the Prince and Princess of Wales at Aberfeldie.

The Prince of Wales and his son have had capital sport during their stay in the Highlands. One day they bagged five splendid stags, and a stag dance accordingly was held in the evening before Aberfeldie Castle. On Monday the Prince arrived at Mar Lodge on a visit to Lord Fife, a large party being invited to meet him, and on Tuesday the Prince and other guests were deerstalking in Glen Dee in bright cold weather. Next week the Prince will stay with Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld, and on the 10th prox. the Prince and Princess and their family come south for the winter.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh leave Birkhall, on Tuesday, for Brantingham Thorpe, to stay with Mr. Christopher Sykes, in order to visit Hull. They have been entertaining a few friends at Birkhall, and are frequently visited by the Duchess of Albany. On returning to Eastwell they go to Chatham, on October 8th, for the Duchess to christen the new ironclad *Kodney*, but the Duke will not be able to open the large fitting-out basin in the Dockyard as intended, the works not being sufficiently advanced. The Duke will hoist his flag on board the *Black Prince* instead of the *Minotaur*, when taking command of the Channel Squadron for their next cruise.—Princess Louise has been joined in Austria by her husband, and the Princess and Marquis left Salzburg for Munich on Saturday.—Princess William of Prussia does not recover satisfactorily from her late attack of scarlet fever, but continues very weak, and suffers from frequent fainting fits.



THE LATE BISHOP OF NATAL is still without a successor, no formal application for one having been made until this week.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has received a letter from the Church of England Council of the Diocese of Natal, expressing the desire of the South African Church to seek and maintain all identity with, and submission to, the Mother Church that is possible in a colony. A Committee of seventeen members of the Church Council of Natal have been named to confer with a corresponding number of members appointed by the Church of South Africa, as to the practicability of reunion, the Privy Council having declared that the South African Church has separated "root and branch" from the Church of England. With regard to the new Bishop the Council suggests that he should be one "who holds such moderate views as will enable him frankly to tolerate all that are tolerated in the Church of England as by law established." The selection of the Bishop rests with the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, and the Bishops of Manchester, Worcester, Exeter, and Liverpool, or such majority of these prelates as may consent to act in such capacity.

THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT have not yet come to any decision regarding the vacant Bishopric of Jerusalem. The High Church Party in England are now, after three years of waiting, pressing for a speedy appointment, but Prussia delays, being dissatisfied with the efficacy of the Bishopric, and desirous of specific changes in the Treaty made between Eng and Prussia in 1841, upon which the Bishopric is founded, and which directs the appointment of the Bishop to be made by England and Prussia alternately, the two States bearing the joint expenses. It will be curious to watch how the matter will be settled, for the Protestant Bishopric of Jerusalem has from the first had many attacks to sustain. The latest proposal is that a gentleman holding Presbyterian Orders should be consecrated Bishop by the Consistory of Prussia's State Church.

THE PROTESTS AGAINST THE STOLIATION OF THE PROPAGANDA, recorded at the Catholic Assembly at Amberg, were renewed at the Congress of Silesian Catholics which met at Breslau almost immediately afterwards.

A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE VICAR OF DUNGARVAN AND HIS CONGREGATION has resulted in a request to the people to Boycott their Vicar. The congregation has divided, and the Vicar's opponents have held their services in a school-room, where a Presbyterian minister officiated. The Boycotting notices have attracted the attention of the police, and a special magistrate has been sent to institute a prosecution against the Boycotting party.

THE BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM will pay a visit to the northern portion of his Diocese early in October.

A WINDOW to the memory of the late Bishop Bickersteth has been placed in Ripon Cathedral.

DR. STUBBS, the new Bishop of Chester, has adopted the eastward position in celebrating the Holy Communion at the Cathedral, and a correspondence on the subject has taken place between the Dean and the Bishop. Dean Howson has, by the statutes of the Cathedral, the responsibility of regulating its services, and is anxious for the continuance of the Cathedral custom, as it has existed for over 200 years. Silence upon his part might possibly have been misconstrued, since the Dean stands committed to certain published arguments on the question, and has besides to take into account the duty he owes to others beyond the Cathedral and the Diocese of Chester. Dr. Stubbs has replied that he should be sorry if he thought it likely that his example were to be pleaded in any way that would derogate from such authority as the statutes give the Dean over those who minister in the Cathedral, but that, in adopting the eastward position, he is simply exercising what he conceives to be his lawful liberty.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY has appointed Bishop Kelly his Commissary for the transaction of all Diocesan business. The official announcement of Dr. Moberly's resignation of these duties is regarded as preparatory to the retirement of the venerable prelate. His health has been failing for some time past.

THE CHAPEL OF LINCOLN'S INN, although not a first-class specimen of English-Gothic architecture, has found admirers amongst the Chancery lawyers, who have lately caused it to be renovated. They are now watching the demolition of the north end of the Chancellor's Court, which, built up as it was against the south wall of the chapel, prevented the building being studied from all sides.

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH, HOLBORN was broken into late last Sunday evening by two burglars. The contents of two boxes were taken, but no effort was made to remove the massive silver cross from the altar, and no entrance was effected to the vestry, although some of the stonework and a portion of the door showed an attempt had been made.

AT THE DIOCESAN SYNOD OF ARDAGH, last week, the Bishop advocated the establishment of a superannuation fund for the clergy who were physically unfit to continue parochial work. A good service fund was also resolved upon to encourage clergy to remain in the diocese. The question of allocating the sum of 50,000*l.* by the General Synod to the Divinity School was discussed at both the Ardagh and Elphin Synods, but although the maintaining of a proper Divinity School was not disputed the majority were in favour of employing the interest on the 50,000*l.* in increasing the incomes of the poorer clergy, at all events so long as the present School is maintained as it now is.



NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The London orchestral rehearsals for the Norwich Festival will be held at the Royal Academy of Music on October 8 and 9, when Mr. Mackenzie's new oratorio and Dr. Villiers Stanford's new *Elegiac Ode* will be practised. The oratorio, entitled *The Rose of Sharon*, is probably the first of its class that has ever emanated from the pen of a Scottish composer. The libretto, founded mainly upon the Canticles, adopts the "literal" interpretation of the oldest pastoral in existence, an interpretation foreshadowed before the Christian era in the *Gita-govinda* of the Hindoo poet Jayadeva; and more or less supported by the authority of Adam Clarke, Jacobus, Umbreit, Ewald, Dr. Ginsburg, and Kéran. While always keeping this reading in view, Mr. Joseph Bennett, the compiler, has taken considerable liberties with the sacred poem. By way of prologue, the contralto vocalist declaims a solo taken from Psalm lxxviii., declaring the parabolical nature of the story. The scene then opens in the village of Sulam, and the villagers, with a pastoral chorus, go forth to labour in the fields. The Beloved, a tenor, is heard singing beneath the lattice of the Sulamite maiden, herself, of course, a soprano. The Sulamite answers from her chamber, singing snatches from a vineyard song, until she at length joins the Beloved, and the two sing a duet, "Come, Beloved, into the Garden of Nuts." The whole of the text of this scene is taken from the Canticles. A beautiful intermezzo, descriptive of a spring morning on Lebanon, ushers in the scene of the Temptation. A woman (contralto) and chorus of villagers announce the approach of King Solomon, a baritone. The King addresses the Sulamite in the words of the Canticles, "Thou art lovely, my friend, as Thirza," and the princes and nobles join in praise of her beauty. But the Beloved sees coming danger and flees with the Sulamite, only to be brought back before the King. The Elder (bass) and villagers admonish the maiden in the words of the Psalm, "Hearken, daughter, and consider;" and the Sulamite is eventually carried off in Solomon's chariot. The next scene takes place in the palace, where the Sulamite sings a solo taken from the penitential Psalm, "Lover and friend have they put far from me." The women hail her with the salutation addressed by the Angel to Mary, and then follows a soprano solo and female chorus, in which the Sulamite, in the words of the Canticles, describes herself and her Beloved. The contralto in a solo promises her that "Kings' daughters shall be among thine honourable women," and a truly beautiful scene is finally interrupted by the arrival of an officer. Then follows the procession of the Ark: a fine chain of choruses, the text of which is chiefly taken from the Book of Psalms. An orchestral introduction entitled "Sleep," ushers in the incident in which the Beloved calls from without the chamber, the Sulamite answers from within, and she, after clothing herself and opening the door, finds the Beloved gone, and expostulates with the watchmen in the street, exactly as it stands in the fifth chapter of the Canticles. This, in the oratorio, is treated as a dream. The Sulamite awakening, and Solomon comes to again tempt her. But she is strong, and triumphs, the wise King eventually dismissing her once more to her flocks and her Beloved. The fourth section of the work is entitled "Reunion." A chorus of villagers, interrupted by solos for the elder and a woman, announce the arrival of the Sulamite and the Beloved winding their loving way together up the valley to the vineyards. The two sing their joyful song, the Beloved addressing her as "Rose of Sharon," and the Sulamite replying "My Beloved is mine and I am his," until at length a choral epilogue, borrowed from Revelation, admonishes the auditors that "Blessed is he that readeth," and that "To him who overcometh will I give to eat of the Tree of Life." It can only now be added that Mr. Bennett's libretto is one of the most masterly compilations of Bible text a composer has ever had the good fortune to set to music, and that the version not only shows the compiler's intimate acquaintance with Holy Writ, but his rare dramatic power and capacity for effective arrangement. Dr. Villiers Stanford's *Elegiac Ode* is set to a portion of some lines written by the American poet, Walt Whitman, on the occasion of the death of President Lincoln. Walt Whitman has, curiously enough, apostrophised Death in terms of apparently admiring approval, and the principal theme certain extent, has caught the spirit of the lines. The principal theme of the ode is the *leit-motif* indicative of death, and this, of course, is freely used. The work, which will probably occupy under an hour in performance, includes a baritone solo, an attractive solo for soprano (Miss Anna Williams), and female chorus, and a *finale*, which opens with an excellent fugue. The Prince and Princess of Wales will attend the performance of *Redemption* on October 15, and the final concert on October 17. The leading features of the programme have already been announced.

OPERATIC NEWS.—Her Majesty's Theatre has been taken by Mr. Samuel Hayes for a season of Italian opera, commencing about October 25th. A few years ago Mr. Hayes had an autumn season of Italian opera at the Lyceum on practically the same lines that he now proposes to follow. The services of stars and of artists *hors ligne* will of course be dispensed with. But Mr. Hayes believes there is still a public for the melodious operas of the repertory popular forty years ago, and of the lighter Italian school, at prices in some respects even lower than those which rule at the theatre. The enterprise is of course an experiment, the result of which will be awaited with some curiosity.—Mr. J. H. Mapleson has returned to London, where he has engaged the French tenor, M. Talazac, for his London season, which he hopes to hold at Drury Lane.—There is a London season, which he hopes to hold at Drury Lane, by the French talk of the production by Mr. Mapleson of *Lacmé*, by the French composer, M. Delibes, who has just returned to Paris after a sojourn in the Isle of Wight and in the Highlands of Scotland.—Mr. Ran-degger left London on Sunday last to direct the final rehearsals of

Mr. Thomas's *Esmeralda*, which will be performed in German at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, this (Saturday) evening.—Madame Nilsson, contrary to report in the daily papers, has not returned to America. She arrived in London on Tuesday to fulfil several engagements. The announcement in the New York papers that Mr. Mapleson has retained Madame Nilsson for opera needs confirmation.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The prospectus of the twenty-ninth season of Saturday Concerts, under Mr. Manns, contains the whole of the ten programmes to be performed before Christmas. The most important novelty is Berlioz's *Te Deum*, produced at St. Eustache in March, 1855, and dedicated to Prince Albert. The new symphonies by Brahms, No. 3, and Cowen, No. 4, and works by Rubinstein, Liszt, Smetana, and others will be given. At nearly every concert one of the symphonies by the great masters will be performed. In February the spring season will commence. The bi-centenaries of Handel and Bach will be duly kept, and Raff's last symphony, *Im Winter*, and, if possible, the Symphony No. 4, on which Brahms is now working, are promised.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Sir George Macfarren will deliver his annual address to the students at the Royal Academy of Music this (Saturday) afternoon.—A musical festival was held at Worcester (U.S.) this week. The chief works were Smart's *Bride of Dun-kerron* and Max Bruch's *Fair Ellen*.—M. Rubinstein has returned to St. Petersburg, where he will direct some Symphony Concerts.—The Liverpool Eisteddfod concluded last week. The performances of *Elijah* and *Israel in Egypt* attracted audiences of nearly 10,000 persons each.—The once famous *prima donna*, Madame Fricci, has definitely left the stage, and has become a teacher.—The death is announced of the father of Señor Sarasate, the violin player. He was for thirty-five years conductor of a band of the Line. Owing to quarantine regulations Señor Sarasate was unable to attend at the death-bed.—Madame Caroline Barthold, first dancer at the Berlin Opera, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of her *début*. Not many dancers would have had the courage to own to the fact.—Mr. F. H. Cowen has returned to town from Switzerland, and will next Wednesday conduct his Welsh Symphony at the Promenade Concerts.—It is reported that the health of Mr. Joseph Bennett will necessitate a somewhat prolonged sojourn abroad.—Madame Valleria will make her reappearance at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concert on Tuesday next.

MILLS AND MILLERS

Few trades are so monotonous as a miller's, and yet round none clusters an equal amount of poetic and literary associations. Enter a mill, and besides the regular grinding of the big stones, and the sleepy descent of the flour into the sacks prepared for its reception, there is absolutely nothing to call forth the miller's attention. The whiteness or to-day, says Aristotle, is the same with the whiteness of a thousand years. The flour dropped here in a somniferous manner fifty or a hundred years ago, and to all appearances it will continue to drop in the same drowsy fashion for another five or ten decades. Improvements are seldom made, or at least seldom adopted, in windmills. Externally, the mill with its quaint timber framework warped with many a sun, or its irregular gables, and the pleasant flow of water over the great black wheel, shares the honour with the church of being the two most picturesque objects in many a parish. Windmills possess certain artistic features of their own. Mr. Ruskin has pointed out to us the difference between the slowly moving, corpulent windmill, and the slim active mill with long narrow sails, which sweep round many times while their eminently respectable neighbour, the short rounded mill, laboriously creaks in performing its one revolution. With the water mill, on the contrary (unless it be a new one built of staring red brick), are connected many artistic beauties—the smooth sheet of water above, the rush over the wheel, the whirling currents below, the willows and alders that line the stream by it, the ferns in the grateful drip of the wheel, the pigeons which settle on the thatched roofs, the quaint house next it, and the still more delightful garden full of boy's love, rosemary, and other old-world plants—with these no water mill can be ugly. The steam flour mill, a monstrosity of modern times, we give up at once. It is sacred to commerce, but the painfully correct brick walls at once warn off poetry and art. It possesses no more associations than the cast-iron post which in many places has replaced, for the worse, the tumble-down, defaced, and mossy milestone. When wind or water mills succeeded the hand quern in which pre-historic tribes used to pound their wheat is lost in antiquity. Mills appear in Domesday Book and in the early charters of many abbeys as belonging most frequently to the Lord of the Manor. Hedges are often said to be some of the oldest monuments of our forefathers yet remaining in the land, but in many parishes a succession of windmills has occupied the same knoll for more centuries than it is always easy to specify. A very pretty quarrel took place between the Bishop and the Abbot of Abingdon concerning the mill at Cuddesdon eight centuries ago. A mill must always have been a valuable appendage to a village until quite recent days, when railways bring flour everywhere, and the colonies are not slow to feed the railways. Many a vicissitude among "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" has their mill in most East Anglian parishes looked down upon from its mound. As showing the comparative dryness of a chalk country, the numbers of windmills which the tourist sees on each side of him in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, on ascending the Humber, are striking features in the view. Chaucer had a liking for water mills. Their artistic surroundings struck him as they have affected Ruysdael or Birket Foster. Here is a celebrated instance:—

At Trompington, not far fro' Cantebrige,
Ther goth a brook, and over that a brigg,
Upon the whiche brook ther stout a melle.

How greatly the modern love of details in such a picture excels the few words used by the older poet, expressive though those few be, may be exemplified in the outer and interior views which Tenyson gives us of a mill:—

From the bridge I lean'd to hear
The mill-dam rushing down with noise,
And see the minnows everywhere
In crystal eddies glance and poise,
The tall flag-flowers when they sprung
Below the range of stepping-stones,
On those three chestnuts near, that hung
In masses thick with milky cones.

How exquisitely does the Laureate's interior suit every mill in the kingdom! It is the very triumph of descriptive writing. Like a drawing in which not a stroke is laid in at random, every dash tells, every line is not only needful, but also effective:—

I loved the brimming pool that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still,
The meal sacks on the whiten'd floor,
The dark round of the dripping wheel,
The very air about the door
Made misty with the floating meal.

Chaucer's conception of the miller is true to the Middle Age opinion of that tradesman; the Laureate's is realistic, as if painted by Rembrandt, dwelling on the depth of the shadows and strongly-marked features of the man:—

His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile that round about
His dusty forehead drily curled?

The older poet is lacking in the sympathy of his nineteenth-century successor. He listens to popular clamour about the miller:—

Wel coude he stelen come and tollen thries,
And yet he had a thumb of gold parde.

This last line has a little light cast on it by a miller, who recently told us, smiling, "They say, sir, that an honest miller has a tuft of hair in the palm of his right hand!" But Chaucer's miller is also a drunkard, behaves in an unseemly manner,

And swore by armes and by blood and bones.

Nor is he of an amiable disposition; for, complains the Reve:—

He can well in min eye seen a stalk,
But in his owen he cannot seen a balk.

The miller of Trumpington is described as a jovial character:—

As any peacock he was proude and gay,
Pipen he coude, and fishe, and lettes bete.

He bore "a Shefeld thwitel" too in his hose, but even he is a thief

Of corn and mele,
And that a sleie and usant for to stole.

Indeed adulteration and fraud in necessary articles of life were never more common than in the Middle Ages. Poets, proverb-mongers, and caricaturists innumerable have pilloried the miller and the baker, together with the wine-dealer and the publican. The old song of the dying miller asking his sons how much toll they intend to take on every bushel ground in the mill faithfully reflects the popular belief. The two elder sons are summarily rejected by their father for being too mealy-mouthed, although one promised to take half out of every bushel which he ground. The youngest son, however, quite came up to his father's ideas of honesty.

"Father," said he, "I'm your only boy,
For taking toll is all my joy;
Before I will a good living lick,
I'll take it all, and forswear the sack."

"Thou art my boy!" the old man said,
"For thou hast right well-earn'd thy trade;
'This mill to thee, I give,'"—he cried,
And then he turned up his toes and d.e.d."

"Lytell Much, the miller's son," is a notable personage in the Robin Hood cycle of ballads. He kills a monk, and then

The King gives Moche and Little John,
'Twenty pounds in certain';
And made them yeomen of the crown,

which strikes us as being much on a par with Admiral Nelson, K.C.B.'s procedure in Thackeray's ballad of "Little Billee." The Admiral makes him, it will be remembered, because he escapes being eaten by his comrades when starvation stares them in the face, "a captain of a seventy three." Another miller's son, Lihert, horn at Lanteglos, in Cornwall, did more good work than the mythical ballad-heroes. He became Fellow of Exeter College and Bishop of Norwich, and built the sculptured roof of Norwich Cathedral.

Proverbs, as we have hinted, are severe upon the miller, being the popular revenge for his misdoings in old days. "His mill goes with all winds," says one aphorism; "He can see as far into a millstone as most men;" "Mills take aye the best mouter [toll] with their own hand;" "It is good to be sure; toll it again, quoth the miller"—these are specimens reflecting upon his frauds. Again, "His sow is always fat;" while "The miller's dog licks its lips before the sack is opened." More stern than all, as tarring several culprits with the same brush, is one quoted by Ray: "Put a miller, a weaver, and a tailor in a bag and shake them; the first that comes out will be a thief." "Mills and wives are aye wanting," says an ungallant Scotch proverb; while "Meikle water runs by that the miller wots na' o'" shows that, cunning as he is, there are others who can overreach him. "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past" is as great a truism as "Mills cannot grind if you give them no water." There is a savour of profanity about "Mak a kirk and a mill o't;" while the Leicestershire saying, "What have I to do with Bradshaw's windmill?" seems a polite way of sending a man about his business.

The hawthorn is often planted near mills, as its timber is invaluable for much of the wooden machinery. Together with alders and willows, sedges and waterweeds, it invariably adds a charm of its own to the mill, brightening Summer with clouds of fragrant snow, and Autumn with its ruddy harvest. We have in this paper metaphorically broken off a spray or two of its flowers, and herewith present them to the artist, the angler, the poet, and the rambling tourist, all of whom for different but obvious reasons rejoice at the presence of a water-mill in the landscape. A word in conclusion to the scholar. If possible let him secure a windmill on the distant ridge that bounds the view from his study window. The constant revolution of its sails against the sky is a perpetual call to diligence—*ohne Hast und ohne Rast*. M. G. W.



THE COURT Theatre has reopened for the autumn season—not with Mr. Bronson Howard's *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, which is postponed for a more favourable time of the year, but with a revival of *New Men and Old Acres*, a comedy written by Mr. Dubourg with some sort of assistance from the late Mr. Tom Taylor, which, at the time of its production at the Haymarket some fifteen years since, was held sufficient to justify the appearance of the name of the latter gentleman in the playbill as joint author. Few pieces produced within the memory of the present generation, if we except the most successful comedies of Mr. Robertson, have as good a claim as this to be regarded as a permanent addition to the repertory of our stage. Although its cunningly arranged antithesis between the modern spirit of commercial enterprise and the pride of an old pedigree and long association with the land was not altogether novel, the piece, as plays go, is decidedly original. It is, moreover, English in tone, English in its types of character, ideas, and traits of manners. Added to this, its story is eminently an innocent and a pleasing one, and is set forth with skill and with the aid of excellent dialogue. How great a success it achieved with Miss Ellen Terry in the part of Lilian Vavasour, when that judicious manager and admirable actor, Mr. Hare, thought fit to revive it about eight years ago, is well remembered. The general cast is, in the present instance, hardly so strong, and it is scarcely necessary to say that Miss Marion Terry, though she acts with taste and feeling, and also with more vivacity and spirit than she has ordinarily at command, cannot rival her distinguished sister in the part of Lilian. Nevertheless, the play is well acted, and put upon the stage with care, and it is not unlikely to stand in the way of Mr. Bronson Howard's work for a longer period than the management had probably expected. Mr. Clayton's Liverpool man of commerce who, intent upon a purely business transaction, becomes involved in a romantic attachment, is a vigorous yet moderate sketch of character, which wins both the respect and the sympathy of the spectators. Objection may, no doubt, be

* See Wright's "History of Caricature," page 135, and Bell's "Songs of the Peasantry," page 474.

(Continued on page 326)

STREET SCENES IN BUENOS AYRES

THESE engravings are from pen-and-ink sketches by Mr. W. T. M'Lean, 210, Calle Piedad, Buenos Ayres, and portray some of the street scenes in the capital of the Argentine Republic, a country which is now attracting considerable attention, not only for capitalists and farmers, but also for emigrants.

A Vigilante is one of the city police who are posted at the corners of streets. They are a superior body of men to the army recruits, who, as a rule, are drawn from the prisons.—Milch Cows, with Calves Tied to Their Tails. The "peón" drives them on his rounds, and customers have the satisfaction of seeing the animals milked before their own eyes. This is not always a guarantee of pure milk, as it is reported that the wily "peón" has sometimes concealed an india-rubber bladder under his shirt, to which is connected a small tube of the same material. This is passed down the sleeve, and with a little manœuvring the article is produced which has a large sale at home. A Héchero is a milkman who conveys his milk from the country to town on horseback. A Sketch of a Street. Ladies out here when crossing a sunny corner have a very taking way of shading their faces with their fans. "Jones" is bothered by it; he would fain see the pretty Porteñas' faces. "Mrs. Brown" finds the streets awkward at first, but when she has lived a year or two out here she will think nothing of it. More attention is now paid to paving, but there still remain many streets similar to this. It is only a few years since drains were commenced in the principal streets. After a heavy fall of rain the streets were merely canals, and the bridges were indispensable.

LORD BYRON'S BOATMAN

"A FEW weeks ago," writes Dr. Bikélas, of 4, Rue de Babylone, Paris, "I was at Missolonghi, where I found that one of Lord Byron's boatmen, John Kazis by name, is still alive. Although about eighty years of age, he is still hale, and strong enough



JOHN KAZIS, A GREEK BOATMAN FORMERLY EMPLOYED BY LORD BYRON

to man his boat. In fact, he took me over to Klissova, the celebrated little islet in the lagunes of Missolonghi. He is proud of having been in his lordship's service, and willingly imparts his reminiscences of the great poet's aquatic promenades. The photograph which I have had taken represents John Kazis standing in his little boat, *priari*, as it is called at Missolonghi, holding the pole (*staliki*), by means of which the *priaria* are pushed along in the shallow waters of the Greek lagunes. No oars or rudders are used at all; the boatman, erect, pushes the boat forward. The operation is more difficult than one would think, owing to the lightness of the *priari* and the rapidity of its movements. But old Kazis manages the business with the greatest ease. He indulged in the coquetry of putting on his best clothes for the occasion, although I had asked him to have his photograph taken in his ordinary dress.

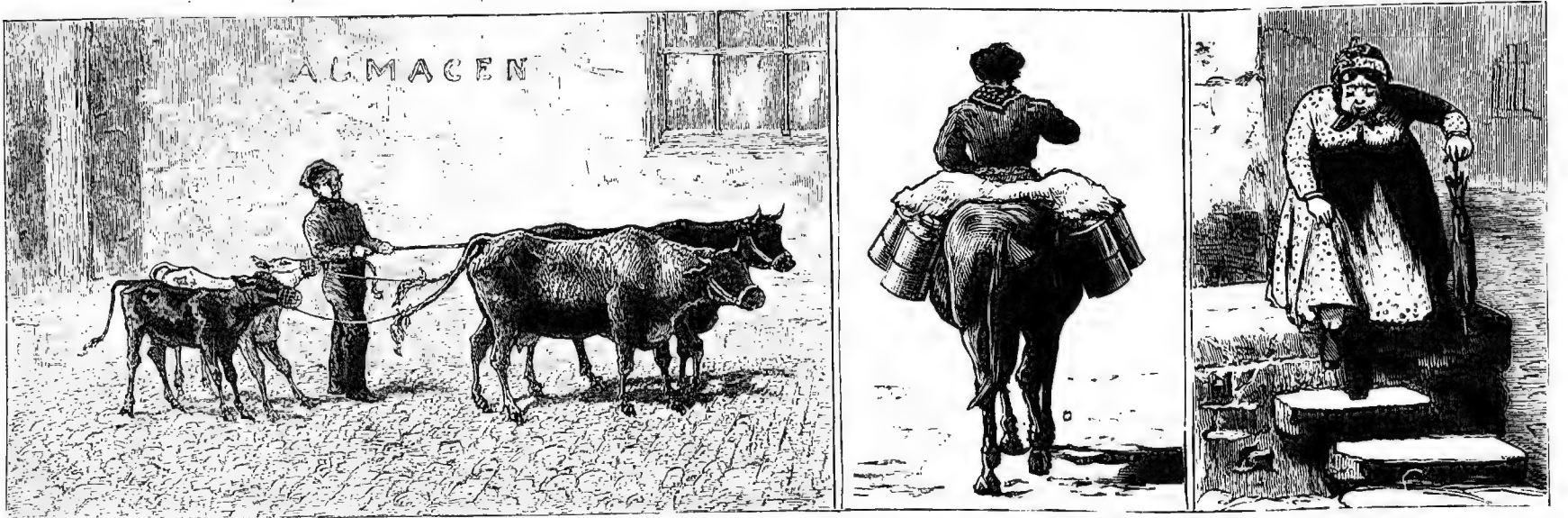
"Lord Byron's name is honoured and remembered at Missolonghi (and throughout Greece), as it ought to be. His statue has been erected two or three years ago in the centre of the Heroon, an enclosure where, under the shade of trees, and among old guns and other memorials of the glorious sieges of that city, are buried the bones of those that fell in its defence—such, at least, as could be gathered together after the Turks had been definitely expelled from the country."

A CURIOUS ALKALINE LAKE exists in California—Mono Lake, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada. It is a small body of water in the midst of a desert valley, usually very calm, but subject to sudden fierce storms, which turn the lake into a perfect mass of white foam, and wreck any unlucky boats crossing the water. After the storm the foam is blown into the desert, where it forms a perfect wall of soapsuds. Many Red Men have been drowned there, becoming, according to the local saying, "pickled Indians," and the waters teem with singular worms, but not a fish. One kind of these worms—Koo-cha-bay—are much appreciated by the neighbouring Piutes, who make them into a savoury mess, mixed with the pine-nut.



A "VIGILANTE," OR CITY POLICEMAN

JONES WISHES FANS HAD NEVER BEEN INVENTED



MILCH COWS, WITH CALVES TIED TO THEIR TAILS

"HÉCHERO," OR COUNTRY MILKMAN

A STREET CORNER



LORD RAYLEIGH DELIVERING THE PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, MONTREAL



SIR JOHN WILLIAM DAWSON
President of the Royal Society of Canada



THE M GILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL, HEADQUARTERS OF THE ASSOCIATION



MR. HUGH MC LENNAN
Chairman of the Montreal Citizens' Executive Committee



LADY LANSDOWNE'S "AT HOME" IN THE CITADEL, QUEBEC—THE ILLUMINATIONS ON THE TERRACE
WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN CANADA
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

taken to Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Anson as the Bunters by reason of their rather decided tendency to high colouring; but part of this objection lies in the author's conceptions. The pure comedy, indeed, for which the critical yearn is not easily to be found. Mrs. Malaprop is, it must be confessed, a highly-coloured personage; so is Mawworm; so for that matter are Tony Lumpkin, Scrub, Eccles, Lydia Languish, and Lord Dundreary. Unquestionably, the audience of the Court Theatre derive much amusement from the efforts of these two performers. Mr. Arthur Cecil contents himself with the modest capabilities of the part of Vavasour, and Miss Le Thiere with that of his shrewdly diplomatic w.c. Let us also note that Mr. Reeves Smith appears as Bertie Fitzurs., and Miss L. Fane as Fanny Bunter.

Besides Mr. Howard's *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, a comedy of American life and manners which has achieved considerable success in the United States, Messrs. Clayton and Cecil propose to produce during the season an English version, by Messrs. Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson, of Fickmann-Chatrian's *Les Rantzau*, and a new and original play by H. A. Rudall, called *Her Father's Friend*.

Mr. John Chute, who, profiting by the injustice of our copyright laws, produced, at Eastbourne, some time since, an unauthorised version of Mr. Hugh Conway's *Called Back*, has now brought his play to London by way, it would seem, of challenging comparison with Messrs. Conway and Comyns Carr's drama, now performing at the PRINCE'S Theatre. The venture, however, seems little likely to meet with more success than it deserves. *ASTLEY'S* Theatre, where Mr. Chute's piece was brought out on Saturday evening, is rather out of the range of playgoers; and the unauthorised *Called Back* is by general consent a poor and feeble piece of work.

A new farcical comedy, called *A Wet Day*, of which we gave a notice when it was brought out at a *matinée*, will be produced at the GAIETY on Monday next. The burlesque of *Little Fra Diavolo* will form the afterpiece.

Mr. Hermann Merivale's burlesque parody of Messrs. Conway and Carr's drama in preparation at the GAIETY is to be entitled *Called There and Back*.

The dramatic event of the week is the production at the VAUDEVILLE of *Saints and Sinners*, a new and original five-act comedy, by Mr. H. A. Jones, joint author of *The Silver King*, on Thursday, unfortunately too late for notice this week.

Miss Eastlake is to be the Ophelia of Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of *Hamlet* at the PRINCESS'S. Great interest is felt among playgoers in Mr. Barrett's enterprise. The scenery, by Messrs. Telbin, Beverley, Hann, and Stafford Hall, is expected to be remarkable, both from a picturesque and an archaeological point of view.

It would seem that Mrs. Langtry is to play the part of the heroine in a version of M. Ohnet's *Serge Panine* to be produced at the PRINCE'S Theatre in January.

A murder on the racecourse at Epsom on the night after the Derby is one of the exciting incidents of a new "sensational" drama in eight tableaux, which, under the title of *The Sins of the City*, is to be brought out at the SURREY on Monday next.

The task of designing the splendours of the next Christmas pantomime at DRURY LANE has been entrusted to Mr. Alfred Thompson. The perennial Whittington and his Cat are to be once more the theme of the pantomime-writer's introduction.

Mr. Harrington Bailey has taken the OPERA COMIQUE Theatre for six weeks, and will open, October 11th, with *Nita's First and Vice Versa*.

In the *Ranks* was performed at the ADELPHI for the 302th time on Wednesday, and *The Twins* for the fiftieth time at the OLYMPIC on Thursday.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

THE three huge balloons which sailed away from the Honourable Artillery Company's grounds the other day in commemoration of the ascent by Lunardi just one hundred years ago from the same place, remind us of the fact that little has been done in these hundred years in the way of improvement upon that early attempt to navigate the air. Even Lunardi saw the advantage of contriving some means of guiding his unwieldy machine, for he took up with him two large paddles, with which he intended to row himself along as if he were in a boat. In the recent experiment in France paddles were again employed, but they were in the form of a paddle-wheel, or propeller, driven by electricity.

But Lunardi's ascent was not really the first balloon experiment in Britain—although it was the first in London. Nineteen days before Lunardi made his ascent a similar feat had been actually accomplished in Edinburgh by a poor man of the name of Tytler—whose name has, like those of the contriver of the first electric telegraph, the inventor of gas-lighting, and many other benefactors of mankind, been suffered to sink into oblivion. James Tytler's apparatus seems to have been of the rudest description, and to have been put together without any attempt at calculating the lifting power of his balloon. A packing-case, holding a stove (for the balloon was on the Montgolfier, or hot-air principle) served him for a car; but Tytler, finding that the balloon would not lift the combined weight, determined to use the stove for giving the balloon an initial charge of hot air sufficient to carry him aloft, but not to carry it up with him. The balloon did rise, and came down with a bump which would have astonished modern aeronauts. Lunardi afterwards made a successful ascent at Edinburgh, but the honour of being the first to use a balloon in Britain belongs to James Tytler.

After reading the letter of "An Express Driver" in the *Times* one is apt to think that, after all, the risks of ballooning are insignificant compared to those of ordinary railway travelling. This driver, in the course of twenty-one years' experience, has often been in danger. Twice his engine has run off the rails; he has had one collision, and eight crank axles have broken under him. But the most important part of his letter is that referring to the much-talked-of brake system. It is no secret to those who have paid independent attention to this question that of the various systems in use on our railways there is only one which really fulfils the conditions of an efficient brake as laid down long ago by the Board of Trade. This is known as the Westinghouse brake. Practical men have over and over again testified to this in letters and articles, which from their nature have been addressed to the technical journals. But recent accidents have aroused public attention, and ordinary travellers are beginning to ask whether the companies are doing their best in this matter, to ensure the safety of their clients. As an outcome of this interest in the subject we have this letter of an express driver addressed to the leading journal. He says "I have worked four brakes. Three of them failed more than once or did not prevent accidents. The fourth is the Westinghouse; it never fails; it has saved my life or limbs five times, and I say that it is the best. Have that system on all trains, that is what we drivers want; and it stands to sense what we know to be best for our safety is best for the safety of passengers, no matter what chairmen may tell gentlemen at meetings." It is said that the friends of those injured and killed in a recent railway accident are about to bring a test action against the company concerned, for negligence in not fitting with efficient brake power the train to which the disaster occurred. This, perhaps, would be the best way of bringing the disputed question to a settlement.

As the dark days come upon us we naturally expect to hear of fresh experiments with luminous paint, of which so much has been

anticipated. Perhaps the most practical application of this curious compound is that which has recently arrested the attention of military engineers. A tape—like that used for Venetian blinds—is coated with the paint, and used in the following manner. Let it be supposed that it is desired to throw up earthworks in front of an enemy's position, but that the work is impossible during daylight for fear of artillery fire. An engineer is sent out with a reel of the tape, which he proceeds to unroll and peg to the ground, thus marking out the site of the trenches to be afterwards cut. When night comes the tape shines out as a luminous track, and forms a guide to the diggers, who can now work without fear under the cover of darkness. It is probable that luminous tape will presently form part of the necessary equipment of an army in the field.

Mr. W. E. Irish, of Sunderland, whose name is well known in the telephonic world, has recently patented "a system of receiving and recording articulated speech and other sounds transmitted telegraphically, telephonically, and otherwise by means of electricity." We have at present no details of the mechanism by which this result is accomplished, but the instrument is described as a box-like arrangement, which can be attached to any telephone. A sign for each sound—which can afterwards be readily translated—is recorded upon a reel of paper, as in the Morse printing machine, as the operator speaks into the instrument. The phonograph of Edison promised much the same result, and the public were to be favoured with lasting records of the efforts of our most gifted vocalists on slips of tinfoil which could be put into a machine and roused into song at the will of the possessor. We need hardly say that these dreams have never been realised. We may hope that the new invention will be more successful. It would be rash to assert that the task of making sounds self-recording are impossible when we consider what marvels have already been accomplished in telephonic communication. If Mr. Irish has solved the problem, writers will be able to dispense with their pens, for the vibrations of the voice will write their own shorthand.

Those who constantly use the ordinary rubber tubing for lamps or stoves know to their cost how after a time the material begins to swell strongly of gas. This is due, not to ordinary leakage, but to the persistent manner in which the gas finds its way through the pores of the indiarubber. Mr. Fletcher, of Warrington, after much experiment, has succeeded in curing the defect. His tubing is formed of two layers of rubber separated by a wall of tinfoil. This simple expedient renders the tubing perfectly gas-tight.

All kinds of ingenious contrivances have been brought forward at different times for the detection of fire-damp in mines, but most of them have been of a very complicated nature. The last of the series, however, is so simple, that it seems astonishing that no one thought of it before. A child's india-rubber ball with a hole in it is squeezed flat in the hand and held in the place suspected of fire-damp while released, and allowed to suck in a sample of the air. The ball is now directed towards a safety lamp, and again squeezed, when the tell-tale blue flame will show if it contains an inflammable vapour.

Experiments as to the best form of luminant for lighthouse purposes have lately been conducted by the Trinity House authorities at the South Foreland, and these experiments are to be continued during the ensuing month, when seasonable fogs are to be expected. The South Foreland was the first lighthouse on our coast to adopt the electric light, which was produced by cumbersome dynamo machines which were invented long before the advent of the compact "Gramme" and its many followers. It has long been suspected that the electric light is not so serviceable in hazy weather as oil or fat; and the reports which are now invited from the various trading vessels and mail packets navigating the Channel will help in settling the question.

T. C. H.



THE TURF.—The Newmarket Meeting this week, called by a figure of speech the "First October," has been pleasant enough in the cool air on the Heath, and has produced some interesting though not very exciting racing. On the Tuesday in the Great Foal Stakes, the Duke of Westminster's Cambusmore, one of the starters in the St. Leger, turned the tables on Lord Bradford's Limestone, though he was only fourth favourite in a field of eight. This running was confirmed to an ounce on the following day when Cambusmore again beat the filly by exactly the same distance—a length and a half—in a field of seven. Curiously enough, Damietta was third on both occasions. In the Hopeful Stakes for Two-Year-Olds Rosy Morn, the favourite, was defeated by the improved Lonely, Match Girl running third. There was special interest in the race for the Triennial on Tuesday, as Highland Chief, who had been made first favourite for the Cesarewitch, and then completely ousted from his station was to start for it. There were only three other competitors, and as each was backed in the market, the Chief started at evens. He won the race without being extended; but strangely enough was knocked about almost like a shuttlecock in the market for the big handicap, nobody seeming able to determine whether his victory in the Triennial really improved his Cesarewitch prospects. If he can stand the full preparation necessary for his long race, a four-year-old with his antecedents, and with only St. on his back, ought certainly to have more than a good chance. At the time of writing his market price is from 20 to 25 to 1. On the Wednesday Archer, after failing twice to win on "Mr. Manton's" animals, landed the victory for the Great Eastern Handicap, after starting at 2 to 1 in a field of nine. By the way, "Mr. Manton" (the Duchess of Montrose) is said to have determined very shortly to sell all his horses in training. Certainly of late bad luck has attended the stable.—Archiduc is still first favourite for the Cesarewitch, and is also strongly fancied for the Cambridgeshire, for which latter, however, Sandiway remains at the head of the market quotations.—The Dean of Manchester has taken advantage of the recent meeting at that city, and delivered a strong homily on the serious evil of betting.

AQUATICS.—Explanations of Hanlan's defeat by Beach in Australia continue to follow one another across the Atlantic, and it seems almost hopeless to arrive at any conclusion—a state of affairs which will help to still further lower interest in professional rowing. It is evident, however, that Hanlan's partisans both here and in America laugh at the very idea of Beach being the better man.—The Thames and the London Rowing Clubs brought off their regattas last Saturday, and with these practically closes the amateur rowing season which can hardly be said to have been an interesting one, or suggestive of a large supply of "coming" oarsmen.

POLO.—Monmouthshire has been one of the nurseries of polo, and the County Club is one of the oldest established in the United Kingdom. The recent contest for the Cup it gives annually, open to all regimental teams and civilian clubs registered at Hurlingham, may be said to close the season. On this occasion the Gloucestershire Club was the only one which opposed the donors at Abergeenny, when a splendidly-contested game resulted in the victory of the visitors by one goal.

LACROSSE.—The winter season of this game is likely to be a spirited one, and there are evidences all round that the pastime is

firmly establishing itself. The London Club is to be credited with always being ready to further its interests by giving fatherly counsel to new local clubs in the South, and giving them tuition by sending teams to play them. The North v. South Match, which failed to come off last year, is likely to be played somewhere northward on the 1st of November.

GOLF.—The Royal and Ancient Club Meeting has been held on the St. Andrew's Links in Scotland, in splendid weather, and in presence of a large assemblage each day. Among many excellent matches may be mentioned those in which the Lord President and Mr. Kermack beat Mr. Inglis and Mr. F. B. Anderson by two and one to play; Mr. Logan White and Tom Morris beat Mr. J. Cunningham and Captain Chalmers by three and two to play; and Mr. H. Hutchinson lost a round to Tom Morris by two holes.

HUNTING.—Cub-hunting is now being carried on vigorously in all directions, and the supply of young foxes is evidently satisfactory.—The sale of the Belhus hunters has long been an event of interest, and its recurrence last week attracted a large gathering to the seat of Sir T. B. Lennard, near Grays, in Essex. The horse-loving baronet evidently carries out his hobby of collecting, summering, and training hunters with much zeal, and an average of 128½ guineas for 42 lots, must have cleared expenses, and left a trifle to the good. The pick of the collection was the black mare, The Creole, which fell to the bid of Colonel Makins, one of the Conservative Members for Essex, for the substantial sum of 360l. Only about a dozen of the lots failed to run into three figures.

CYCLING.—A great International Bicycle Tournament has been held at Hampden Park, Springfield, Massachusetts, the contests extending over five days, and most of them being open to all comers, professional and amateur. Upwards of 4,000l. was laid out in advertising, prizes, and other expenses, but the gate money was sufficient to cover this and something more. English riders won the majority of the prizes, R. Howell, of Coventry, S. Sellers, of Preston, and H. G. Gaskell, of the Ranelagh Harriers, being the most successful. Howell won 137l., not a bad week's work, but he was defeated by J. S. Prince, of Langley Green, but now an American citizen, in the One Mile, in the unprecedented time of 2 min. 39 sec.—At home the Ten Miles record *on grass* has been cut, H. A. Speechley, of the Ranelagh Harriers, at the Autumn Meeting of the Surrey Bicycle Club at the Oval on Saturday last, having done the distance in 34 min. 12.25 sec.

BILLIARDS.—Cueists will be interested in hearing that J. Roberts, jun., will shortly organise a billiard tournament, the chief feature of which will be an attempt to limit the facility of making the "spot stroke" by bringing the "spot" one-third nearer the top cushion.—The first grand Billiard Tournament of the season (on the American principle), will take place at the Aquarium on Saturday, November 8th, and following days. 100l. in prizes will be given by the Royal Aquarium Society.



—AN ABSTRACT OF THE PROVISIONS of the Municipal Elections Act, 1884, has just been issued by the National Liberal Federation. It summarises the whole law as it affects the working of an election, and is in good time for the approaching Municipal contests.

THE BAR OF VICTORIA have recently decided, after receiving the report of a Committee, that barristers should be entitled to advise clients, and without the intervention of a solicitor. This resolution was unanimously passed; one, at the same time, to the effect that the two branches of the profession should not be amalgamated, being almost unanimously passed.

A DISGRACEFUL FRAUD was practised upon some children at Manchester the other day. A confectioner announced a sale of "lucky balls" containing half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, and coppers; and several children, allured by the promise that they were all prizes and no blanks, bought at twopence each balls containing only halfpennies. The defendant, although liable to a heavy penalty, was dismissed on his promising to discontinue the sale.

THE DERBY CORPORATION recently summoned the Secretary of the Railway Servants' Orphanage for non-payment of general district rates, and a case affecting public charities generally has thus arisen. It was urged in the defence that as the Orphanage was supported by public subscriptions it was a public charity, and within the meaning of the exempting statute. The Town Clerk contended that a public charity was one open to all classes, whereas the Orphanage in question was for railway servants' children alone. The Bench held the same view, and the payment of rates was ordered. Notice of appeal has been given.

THE ACTION OF THE KINGSTON JUSTICES in always allowing a woman to be sworn with her gloves on has given rise to many amusing comments upon the waste of time that would ensue if women had either to unfasten the numerous buttons of the modern glove, or were compelled to remove their elaborate head-gear in order to be sworn uncovered. The rule as laid down in the best books on Evidence is, that the witness must take the New Testament in his or her bare right hand. Lord Bramwell is reputed to be the authority for saying that it was not necessary for a woman to take her glove off before being sworn.

A SPECIAL COMMISSION on the condition of Building Societies has been suggested. They have, it is said, been allowed to outgrow their proper dimensions, and limits or safeguards in some form are required for better security to be given to depositors. A good deal of property upon which liberal advances have been made by these Societies is now on their hands. It cannot be put into the market as it would not sell, and thus depositors have to be conciliated until the market improves. When the improvement does come, however, the market will be flooded with Building Club property.

MR. WESTLAKE, Q.C., as President of the Jurisprudence Department of the Social Science Congress, read an important introductory paper upon the amendments required in the system of local government in England with regard to areas, functions, and representative or other authorities, and touched upon the question of international law with reference to the conditions under which its influence might be strengthened.

BESIDES THE GARMOYLE-FORTESCUE breach of promise case, two other actions of almost equal interest stand in the lists of coming trials upon the re-opening of the Law Courts. One is Mr. Bishop's action against Mr. Labouchere for damages in a libel suit, the other is for a libel indulged in by the brother of a young lady, who in the eyes of her family had contracted an unfortunate engagement. The lady, the daughter of a well-known member of the legal profession declined to give up her suitor, and left home to earn her living, whereupon her brother, finding his former threats unavailing, wrote her a letter, bringing certain charges against her lover, and urging her, on the grounds stated, to abandon him. The letter passed in due course into the hands of the lover, who at once placed it in his solicitor's hands, with the result that an action for libel against the writer was brought.



ENSILAGE.—At Peckforton Castle on Tuesday, in the presence of a large agricultural gathering, Lord Tolleremache inaugurated an important trial by filling a silo, specially constructed, with maize grown on an acre and a half of land. The rooks nearly destroyed the first crop, which was grown in drills, and then his lordship sowed the land broadcast, with the result of producing a rich and luxuriant crop of maize, averaging quite eighteen tons of green food to the acre. Lord Tolleremache has long entertained the conviction that maize was not only better adapted for feeding purposes, but also capable of producing a much larger weight per acre than other green crops. The growth of this heavy cropping food has already been adequately demonstrated, as the maize cut a magnificent crop, some of the stalks growing to a height of eight feet. The maize was cut, tied into bundles of about twenty-five pounds each, and carted to a shed near the silo, where it was put through a Chandler's chaff-cutter, and transferred to the silo, a quarter of a pound of salt being mixed with each hundredweight of chopped maize, not for preserving purposes, but to make it sweeter for the stock. The silo measures twelve feet by fifteen, and is built entirely above ground. Speaking at the Wayland Show last week, Lord Walsingham told his Norfolk neighbours that the system of ensilage had made enormous advances even in the space of a single year. He had not heard of a single person who had used it and abandoned it after a fair trial. Many had failed in their first attempt, but "It is easy to correct mistakes in details, and if all the details are carefully attended to this system of preserving green fodder crops is absolutely infallible." For buyers of store stock, and especially for breeders of sheep, cattle, and horses, it is an invaluable addition to their resources, and will not only enable them to keep a vastly larger number of head upon their farms, but will save them a heavy expenditure on artificial foods and manures.

APPLES.—The prospects of this crop were not thought at Midsummer to be so good as they are turning out at Michaelmas. The fruit proves larger than anticipated, the size is more uniform than usual, and there is more clearness in the skin than has been noticed for some few years past. Perfectly sound fruit is dropping from the trees earlier than usual, the season being a forward one. The vigorous and healthy condition of the trees is very gratifying. The leaves hang on well, despite the dry summer, while they are of larger size than usual, and of a greater depth of green than ordinary. The number of insects living upon the apple, trunk, leaf, and fruit, is always large, but this year has been, as compared with many others, one of unusual freedom from these pests.

OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS are arriving and departing; the winter guests are being welcomed, the summer visitors speeded on their sunny and southward way. Flycatchers have been among us in numbers, the first being seen about August 10th, and fresh contingents almost every day since the beginning of the present month. The first redstart was seen on August 29th, but the largest number of arrivals was in the second week of September. A number of small swifts have been observed this summer both in Kent and East Anglia. It would be interesting to learn if this small swift is a distinct variety of *Cypselus*, or whether it can be assigned a place midway between the swallows and the swifts. Lord Clifton, one of our keenest observers, has been much struck by the resemblance of the small swift's flight to that of the swallow. The ordinary swift is so different that a Londoner would hardly be mistaken. Wheatears in the Isle of Thanet appeared singly on the 7th and 9th of September, in numbers on the 14th; the pipits on the 3rd and 4th; garden warblers on the 3rd and 13th; whitethroats on the 5th; blackcaps on the 3rd and 8th. A wood sandpiper was killed at Calke Abbey on August 24th, and has been placed in Sir John Crew's collection. Correspondents inform us of September nestings—always unusual: the one of hawfinches in the Isle of Wight, the other of martins at East Moulsey. No fewer than three Maux shearwaters have been taken within the past fortnight—the first at Aston, on the Clun, the second at Walton, in Staffordshire, and the last at Kirkwall, in the Orkneys.

HOPS.—The hop-picking season is now about over, and the

picking gangs have returned by thousands to the vast city which so mysteriously absorbs them for fifty weeks out of the fifty-two. Scenes of disgraceful rowdiness always, unhappily, disturb the country during the hop-pickings, for hard work brings high wages, and much money among the lower classes means much drinking. This year, however, the outbursts have far exceeded their customary violence, and at one or two places in East Kent there have been really serious riots. With respect to the crop, the yield rather exceeds later expectations, though not attaining certain early and sanguine estimates. The late sorts show more quality than is usual in the tail end of the crop. On the Continent the in-gathering has been favoured with magnificent weather, but in some of the districts of Germany the colour and quality of the crop do not come up to last year's produce. In the market there is little demand to meet the rapidly increasing supply of new hops, especially from the Weald of Kent and Sussex. East Kent growers have not sent many as yet, and it is reported that something like a systematic organisation exists with the purpose of keeping back the crop. Prices at present are very irregular. A large Mid-Kent grower has sold his entire crop at an all-round price of 7s. per cwt. East Kent goldings are making between 7s. and 9s., Jones's 6s. to 7s., Weald of Kent about the same, Sussex about 6s., Farnhams 7s. to 8s. 10s., and Worcesters 6s. 10s. to 8s. Brewers are not anxious buyers, and the latest tendency of the market is towards decline. A large quantity of German hops is expected to come on sale at 5s. to 6s. per cwt.

CHEESE.—The make of cheese in Cheshire this season is far larger than it has been of recent years. Thanks to the energy of the local landowners, especially Lord Tolleremache and the Duke of Westminster, the cheese-making industry for which Cheshire still keeps a famous name has been revived from the depressed state into which backward methods and American competition had thrown it. At Chester monthly market last week there was the largest "pitch" of the year, about 120 tons being on offer. Buyers, who were largely represented, bought up all the fine cheese at full rates, but a reduction of a few shillings per cwt. had to be taken for medium and common qualities. Prices were quoted as follows:—Good to fine 55s. to 65s., mediums 40s. to 55s., common 30s. to 40s., and skim 25s. to 30s. per cwt.

WHEAT is now so extraordinarily cheap that many farmers are considering the expediency of employing it as food for stock. It makes rich fattening material, containing about 12 per cent. of flesh-forming and 68.50 per cent. of fat-forming matter. In these elements it exceeds barley by 3 per cent., oats by 4.50 per cent., rye by 5 per cent., maize by 1.50 per cent., linseed cake by 7.50 per cent., and cotton cake by 7 per cent. Wheat contains about 15 per cent. of water, nearly 2 per cent. of mineral matter, and barely 3 per cent. of woody fibre. The value of the manure obtained from the consumption of wheat is much less than that of cotton and linseed cake, but about the same as that of barley and oats. Wheat as a fattening stuff is very valuable, but requires great caution in use, owing to its heating and binding tendencies. It should always be given bruised, and should never be made an exclusive article of diet. With linseed cake, however, an excellent mixture is obtained.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—The Wayland Society have recently held a very good show, there being some remarkably fine animals in both the sheep and cattle classes. The Aylesbury Show, on the 18th inst., was held in brilliant weather, and attracted a large number of visitors to the beautiful and shady ground where the Show took place. The quantity of the stock was fair, nags and hunters being good, sheep good, dairy cattle good, and pigs fair, but agricultural horses and the bulls were poor. The Easingwold Society had a large and good show last week. There was a really splendid display of hunters, and the coaching horses were also very good, while agricultural horses were exceedingly creditable to the district. The North Lonsdale Show attracted no fewer than 439 entries, of which there were fifty-seven for cattle and seventy-four for sheep. The dairy cattle were exceptionally good, and so were the Shropshire sheep. The Burnley Show was a good one. Neither cattle nor sheep were numerous, but the quality was high. Pigs were far better than they usually are at a Show of this size. The Merionethshire Society have been holding high festival under the historic shelter of Harlech Castle. The Welsh cattle were a remarkably fine display, and the Welsh sheep classes were fairly well filled. The butter and cheese classes were interesting, and there was a good show of grain, but another year the managers must try to procure a better show of horses and of English cattle and sheep. Otherwise they had better frankly limit the competition to Welsh exhibits.

CATTLE.—At Glynde, last week, Viscount Hampden disposed of the whole of his valuable Sussex herd. Presiding at a luncheon held previously to the sale, Lord Hampden explained that he parted with the herd only because his farm proved totally unsuited to breeding stock, though well suited to grazing. He added that, if farmers were to live and float, it must be by producing the best beef and mutton and dairy produce. The sale was well attended, and some capital prices were realised, one five-year-old cow fetching seventy-five guineas.

MISCELLANEOUS.—An unusual sight may now be seen in a district as little rural as the right-hand side of Park Street, Stoke Newington, where a pear tree, near an old cedar, bears several blossoms, as though we had just passed the vernal, instead of the autumnal equinox. Lincoln Annual Sheep Fair was held last week, when the rams were in splendid condition, and some high prices were made, trade being tolerably brisk. The Birmingham Annual Sale of Shropshire sheep was a large one, largely attended, and good prices generally prevailed. The death of Mons. J. A. Barral, one of the most eminent of French agricultural authorities, is announced. The Minister of Agriculture, together with a great number of well-known men, were present at the funeral. Mons. Barral, who founded the French *Journal de l'Agriculture*, was not unknown in this country, and wherever he was known he was liked.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS will be ready for exhibition this season much earlier than usual, owing to the favourable weather. Thus the show in the Middle Temple will probably be open by the middle of October.

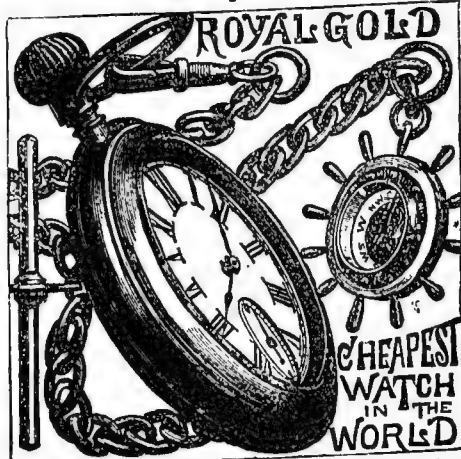
MELON BRANDY has been distilled by a French chemist, and is said to be strong and good. In a wet summer many of the southern melon crops are left on the growers' hands by the fruit becoming watery, and it is thought that they may turn this discovery to good account.

THE PAUPER EMIGRATION DISPUTE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC lately gave the steerage passengers of the *State of Nebraska* a very unpleasant experience. When the vessel arrived, the Emigration Commissioners refused to permit any steerage passengers to land until the *Nebraska* was berthed along the pier for better purposes of examination, instead, as hitherto, of allowing the passengers to be brought off in barges from the vessel anchored in mid stream. As another boat of the same line occupied the required berth, the *Nebraska's* passengers had to wait twenty-four hours within sight of their destination. So the 229 immigrants raised a perfect riot, and made the captain's position almost too hot to hold him. According to custom, they had thrown their beds and bedding overboard at Sandy Hook, and thus had nothing to sleep upon but the bare boards of their berths. Exasperated men and women clamoured in seven different languages to be put ashore, indignation meetings were held all over the ship, and the whole night was spent in a most disturbed condition. Happily the Commissioners yielded early next day, and allowed the disembarkation to proceed as usual. They had tried this plan so as to prevent the company from refusing to return any immigrant who had been landed.

A FEMININE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES would certainly be a startling innovation, even in these advanced days of women's rights. Yet a lady lawyer, Mrs. Belta A. Lockwood, who has practised very successfully at Washington for some time past, has accepted the Presidential nomination offered by the "Californian Women's National Equal Rights Party," and duly issues her programme, like her rival masculine candidates. Mrs. Lockwood's address is somewhat naive, as she declares her "anti-monopoly and civil service policy" to be "funny," although "her Indian policy is good sound sense." Further, she frankly states that she makes a bid for all votes, and as she "does not know how to get around the Germans, being temperance," she makes the vague promise that "due consideration will be given to the honest, industrious, home-loving Germans." She proposes to maintain equal political privileges for every class of citizens, irrespective of sex, colour, and nationality, to make the States "the land of the free and the home of the brave," and to give women their fair share of public offices. This last clause touches a growing American grievance, for men complain more and more that they are being ousted by women from many industries and professions, and now Massachusetts grumbles that the women have the preponderance in twenty fresh branches of trade. Forty years ago there were only seven vocations adopted by New England women, now the number reaches 317.

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THE FACE OF SOCIETY has been altered during the lapse of the last century more considerably than can be supposed was the case in any of its predecessors. This marked change may be largely attributed to the modification of costume. A generation of gaily attired *beaux* and *belles* disported themselves clad in a fashion it is no longer easy to realise. The natural charms of the fair sex were heightened by every art of the toilette; their costume was of the daintiest, their headdresses wonders of elaboration, the brilliancy of their complexions was artificially enhanced, for not only did they patch and sport powder (not confined to their luxuriant tresses), but it may confidently be alleged that they "painted,"—colouring their faces to a degree which in some cases entailed fatal consequences. One of the beautiful Miss Gunnings, the Countess Coventry, whose image survives on Reynold's canvas, fell an untimely victim, it is said, to the poisonous effect of the white pigment with which she was wont to supplement her fairness. Effulgent as were the modish ladies, their admirers of the male sex rejoiced in even gayer plumage—coats and vests of varied hue and costly material, embroidered—as in the sumptuous suits donned at Court, especially on Royal anniversaries and at the "Birthday Balls"—from collar to skirt with the semblance of a parterre. All these vagaries of fashion and taste survived to within the register of a hundred years ago. Current opinion was regulated by external display; a nobleman was for a long time expected to dress with a richness presumably indicative of his exalted station; lords wore their blue ribands and stars,



Painted by H. SINGLETON

Engraved by T. BURKE

"THE CURATE OF THE PARISH RETURNED FROM DUTY"

London: Published October 31st, 1793, by J. Brydon, at his Looking-Glass and Print Warehouse, Charing Cross

not only in the Legislative Chambers, but in everyday life; military officers sported scarlet and gold on every occasion; "mufti" was an unpopular rarity in the Service. The British naval worthies, who did so much for the reputation of Great Britain on the ocean, wore in ordinary society the same distinctive uniforms which distinguished them on their quarter-decks.

Dignified Bishops rustled in lawn and lutestring, and wore bushy wigs of horse-hair; the Vicars, as in one of our illustrations, were imposing-looking personages in set perukes, usually of portly presence, and given to receiving in person the tithes which their deferential parishioners offered in kind; the tender of the tenth pig of every litter was a proverbial jest which survived much repetition. The parson rode a stout cob, his curate—then regarded as a sort of inferior journeyman—ill-fed and threadbare, was presumed to do the heavy parochial work on "Shanks's mare," and if he secured a mount, in those days when locomotion was a grave business, the wits represented him bestriding a sorry screw. A doctor was professionally attired, and class distinctions were definitely marked until the advent of the changeful era of the French Revolution, when the younger generation elected to wear its own hair, and that curtailed of its flowing locks. Broadcloth replaced silk and velvet in the realm of tailordom, "shorts," silk stockings, and pumps were abandoned in favour of buckskins and topboots. The City merchant did not disdain to reside in the place of his avocations, and civic dignitaries were born and bred above the counting-houses from which the family riches were extracted; the prosperous man of

(Continued on page 332)



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"BLACK MONDAY," OR THE DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL

Published as the Act directs, December the 1st, 1790, by W. R. Bigg, No. 11, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden

THE RISE OF NATIVE ENGLISH ART

"You English have no school" was long a favourite assertion among aliens, who were confessedly strangers alike to the country and its Arts. This unflattering dictum, which might have been pronounced in good faith at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was abundantly disproved before its close, when England was found rejoicing in a distinctive school of native Art, full of peculiar charms, its striking originality the outcome of spontaneous talent. Indeed the new-born school, which deserves the fullest recognition in our generation, not only flourished vigorously throughout the land of its birth by means of the engraver's art, but was so widely appreciated all over the Continent that foreign dealers not only subscribed for all the impressions they could secure for circulation abroad, but were tempted to employ engravers to reproduce them, in order to make the supply keep pace with the demand for subject-pictures after English artists.

It is a rash thing to prophesy unless on self-evident premisses, and yet, when the promise seemed least likely to be accomplished, a philosophic nobleman—Lord Shaftesbury—writing in 1712 from Italy upon "Design,"—while recording the patent fact that we had nothing of native growth in the art of painting worthy of mention—at once predicted that "his country would gradually form for herself a taste in all the Fine Arts superior to that of her more despotic neighbours." The "voice of the people," that vital principle, then for the first time becoming the spirit which was to re-animate the Constitution, was in Shaftesbury's opinion "the breath of life to the Fine Arts." A Government based on principles of freedom having been established, England began to encourage native talent, and, curiously enough, this appreciative instinct had its origin precisely as foretold by Lord Shaftesbury, in the bulk of the nation, as apart from a select class. Hence the art which derived its encouragement from the public voice is, among all other qualities, distinguished by its popularity, and appeals directly to the entire community.

The cultivated aristocracy of this country, copying the impulse set by one or two Art-loving princes, had consistently patronised Art since the period of Henry VIII., who encouraged the best professors; but the admiration of this class was for the most part confined to foreign importations. Under Charles I. the passion for fine pictures reached its height, when the liberality of collectors, and, above all, of the King himself, was such that the graphic masterpieces of the world bid fair to be concentrated in this kingdom. The *chefs d'œuvre* of every school flowed into England with an impetus which would have left us in possession of the choicer examples of every great master, had not a reactionary impulse set in and scattered these treasures, thus proving the instability of a taste not founded on what Lord Shaftesbury designates the "public voice." Under later Sovereigns, when the Arts regained their ascendancy, with settled government, pictures were imported indiscriminately from the Continent, while native artists languished in neglect. This unsatisfactory state was due to the so-called "dilettanti" spirit; collectors of paintings imbibed their ideas of taste while performing that "grand tour" then held to be an indispensable part of a nobleman's training; and the travelled scions of the wealthy aristocracy, setting up on their return for "cognoscenti," taught the less enlightened to blindly over-estimate any foreign importation, and depreciated every effort of native genius left struggling in obscurity.

This false and unpatriotic sentiment in Art matters, which was destructive to progress at home, raged rampant when that sturdy Briton Hogarth and his contemporaries were manfully fighting for the fair recognition of indigenous talent. As we have said, the encouragement of the painter's profession was restricted to the favour of the few avowed "patrons," educated on the exotic "dilettanti" principles, with the disastrous consequences that it would have been impossible for a native artist to exist by the product of his abilities. Indeed, there were absolutely no purchasers for his pictures; though portraiture certainly received some recognition, and the country squires occasionally gave commissions for pictures of their seats, their horses, or their dogs, but encouragement for imaginative Art there was none. Happily, it occurred to the disgusted painters to appeal from the select coterie of lordly patrons to the more sympathetic public, through the medium of the engraver's art; the experiment was a success, and the prosperity of the English school was at once assured; the untoward conditions of its infancy developed the vigour of its after-growth, and, disregarding the imported Art, which had threatened to ruin native professors, its practitioners struck out a field which was all their own.

The champion who fought most valiantly for the recognition of himself and his fellow-painters was the sturdy Hogarth, essentially the man of his age. He not only ridiculed and exposed false taste, with somewhat excessive vigour attacking all imported Art—good and bad alike; but he demonstrated, by his own marked originality, the mine of wealth which lay in native sources. Yet it is a notorious fact that while his paintings brought him no adequate recognition or remuneration, and were comparatively unsaleable, their circulation through the engravers' hands placed him in a position of independence. His works are so well known, both at home and abroad, that they may be regarded as universally familiar. He had numerous imitators—inferior followers anxious to participate in the success of this gifted pioneer, and some of their productions have been unscrupulously attributed to Hogarth by interested publishers of his fragments like Ireland. Among Hogarth's imitators it will be sufficient to mention the names of Philip Mercier, Van Hawkin, Highmore, Laroon, John Collett, and Pugh, who all attempted the humorous branch with various success. Hayman, the scene-painter, who produced the series of pictures illustrating Richardson's novel of "Pamela," followed closely in Hogarth's style, both as to period and selection, and De Loutherbourg's figures have some of his manner; but all these men were lesser lights compared to the master. Their works, however, survive through the medium of the numerous engravings produced after their pictures; and of these Mercier's productions are perhaps the most happy, having been gracefully rendered in mezzotint by Johannes Smith and other gifted "scrapers." Another cause, which has tended largely to the preservation of the works produced by native artists of the eighteenth century, is to be found in the versatility of the painters themselves, who were mostly capable engravers. Hogarth especially excelled in this branch, and, by his encouragement and example, led the way to the establishment of a native school of engravers; this branch of art, before his time, being almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners domiciled in England. While the painters were able to reproduce their own works in line, etching, and mezzotint, the new generation of engravers, which sprang up under the healthy auspices of the training-schools established by the founders of the English school, exhibited equally versatile capacities. They were able to draw and paint, and, in addition to producing works after others, they have left numerous examples of their own designing and execution. Not only did the fresh race of artists add to the art they found in practice, but they originated fresh branches; after making themselves masters of the art of painting in oils, they carried crayon or chalk drawing to great perfection; and finally, turning their attention to water-colour, then incipiently described as "staining," they brought this essentially native branch from mere monochrome, or slightly tinted productions, to the finished effects of oil painting, combined with certain qualities which that medium fails to express. As regards subject-painting, Hogarth set the fashion for pictorial "suites." His "Marriage à la Mode" has never ceased to attract, and his kindred successions of painted stories are nearly as popular; while the framed engravings found their way into

most houses, for the public never seems to have tired of unravelling the dramatic sequences. A rather novel instructive purpose to the plates of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentices" are which the plates of the "Idle and Industrious Apprentices" are said to have been turned is worthy of record for its quaint singularity. Early in this century John Adams, a schoolmaster of Edmonton, had the prints hung up in the class-room, and once a month—after expounding from the text of their contrasted examples as incentives for the avoidance of bad courses and the pursuit of as incentives for the well-conducted members of his school, and virtue—rewarded the well-conducted members of his school, and proceeded to administer a caning to those boys who seemed inclined to follow in the fatal footsteps of the idle apprentice. Edward Penny, R.A. (the first Professor of Painting appointed on the establishment of the Royal Academy), copied Hogarth's example from a distance. In 1774 he produced "The Profligate Punished," with its pendant, "The Virtuous Comforted," and later "The Benevolent Physician" and "The Kapacious Quack." The success of Hogarth's moral compositions induced many imitators to attempt the same branch. James Northcote, R.A., had an inclination to repeat Hogarth's pictorial sermons, and produced, among others, a series of ten compositions modelled on "The Idle and Industrious Prentice," selecting the careers of two females, which he illustrated as "The Diligent Servant and the Dissipated." These works, though not remarkable for merit of any kind, were successful in their day.

Towards the close of the century an influx of fresh talent shed additional lustre on English art. Besides such gifted painters as Moreland, Singleton, Wheatley, and other masters whose works are referred to in another column, the names of many accomplished designers are deserving of more than cursory mention. William Ward, who excelled as an engraver, both in "stipple" and mezzotint, produced several drawings in water-colour, which are engraved by his hand. His female heads, as fancy subjects and types of beauty, approach Morland's most refined efforts. Downman achieved a high position in the same department, his portraits of noble ladies and of beautiful women are captivating studies. Hoppner also produced a "Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion," tastefully rendered by Wilkins in the dotted manner. J. R. Smith, who was gifted with Art talents in a singular degree, not only engraved and carried both mezzotint and the dotted-manner to high perfection—he drew portraits in a graceful style of his own; and produced numerous subject works of a fascinating character, and theme, as the engravings he published, many printed in colours, sufficiently demonstrate. Benwell was a youthful artist of great promise; his subjects were executed after a method of his own, in chalk, tinted with water-colours. The "St. James's and St. Giles's Beauties," engraved by Bartolozzi, are instances of his ability. His career was cut short by consumption at the early age of twenty-one. Cosway, Shelley, Nutter, Hamilton, Stothard, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Ansell, Sherwin, Ryland, Mortimer, and a host of talent flourished at the same epoch. It is to be regretted that space for the present precludes a fuller review of their productions; it is sufficient to say that their works are all distinguished by taste and originality both of invention and execution; moreover, these masters for the most part excelled in the graphic arts of both painting and engraving, and they have all left numerous subjects which confer reputation upon their names.

JOSEPH GREGO



AMONG the Health Exhibition Handbooks (Clowes and Sons), Mr. J. C. L. Sparkes's "History, &c., of Schools of Art" is not a pamphlet but a book. Moreover it is cheap, whereas some of the Handbooks are ridiculously overpriced; and it is not, like several of them, a mere hashing-up of stale matter, but a complete sketch of a new and most interesting subject. If it be an advantage for native artists to do what used to be done by French designers, and to do it so much better that English designs are getting sought after abroad, then Schools of Art are a success. In Sheffield there is not at present a single French designer; the business of hawking "new French patterns" is dying out in Macclesfield; the various Birmingham trades have come to rely almost wholly on native ability; at Belfast (thanks to Messrs. Ward) nearly all the designers are home-trained, though there (as till quite lately at Nottingham) the manufacturers of the staple production are too much wedded to old patterns. Everywhere it is the same; Schools of Design are making their way, though almost universally they have been met with more than coldness by the manufacturers. Mr. Sparkes puts clearly before his readers the work and influence of South Kensington. It is not so long ago since the *Saturday Review* used to cry down the whole place as a job provided for Sir H. Cole's special behoof: those who read this brief and modest statement will get little store by such small sneers. Mr. Sparkes, in his introductory chapter on "National Art-Tendencies in the Past," speaks in glowing terms of Anglo-Saxon embroidery and goldsmiths' work. There is little doubt that the latter, of which Glastonbury was the most famous school, was Celtic not English, a British counterpart of the famous *Opus Scoticum*, or Irish metal work. Mr. Sparkes has some good remarks on Early English ivory and wood carving, and on the brasses which are still such a feature in our churches. What he says of Doulton ware is the more interesting because he, being then Master of the Lambeth School of Art, was the originator of it.

Mr. Shirley F. Murphy on "Infectious Disease" will be read with double interest owing to the prevalence of cholera. Cholera, like enteric (typhoid) fever, is communicated by air, water and infected articles, by means of the excreta; the most fertile source of infection being (as the late Dr. Budd used so strongly to insist) a polluted water supply. This has been proved over and over again, notably during the outbreak of 1866, when cholera was brought from Rotterdam to some houses near the Lea, from which river the East London Water Company drew its supplies. A school situated in the heart of the infected district wholly escaped; but, then, its pupils got all their drinking water from a well of their own. Mr. Murphy makes a strong point of the vitality of infection germs; scarlet fever poison has been known to lie dormant for more than a year; filthy bedding, belonging to a victim of typhoid at Toronto, brought the fever many months after into an Oxfordshire village; this same poison clung for two years to a detached house in the country; it is much the same with the poison of diphtheria. Of course Mr. Murphy insists on isolation and disinfection, and on the value of cleanliness as a prophylactic. As to small-pox, his figures (if figures prove anything) are decisive in favour of vaccination.

Mrs. Gladstone's "Nurseries, Bedrooms, and the Lying-in Room" is chiefly made up of extracts from Mrs. Leslie Stephen's "Notes from Sick Rooms," Andrew Combe's "On Infancy," Dr. Squire on "Health in Nursery and School," &c. Many of Mrs. Gladstone's hints will be found in Miss Nightingale's too much forgotten book. She deserves credit for bringing into view the large percentage of deaths in childbirth—many of them, we fancy, preventable; and her remarks on the moral importance of a bright, well-ordered, cheerful nursery are not a whit too strong. Children must never be stowed away in the worst quarter of the house; and "self-

respect cannot be too early inculcated." All this is excellent, and, for mothers of the period, only too needful; but when it comes to a whole page about the discomfort of crumbs in a sick bed, we are inclined to ask: "Has nursing become one of the lost arts?"

The proved excellence of Captain Galton's ventilating fireplace makes him an authority on all matters connected with "Ventilation, Warming, and Lighting." Our only objection to his handbook is its price, which can scarcely be due to the engravings, for most of them are from manufacturers' plates. It is disgraceful that, owing to the want of enterprise among owners and builders, "the methods by which the majority of the population obtain warmth remain almost as rude as they were in early times," while adequate ventilation is in the vast majority of houses and buildings absolutely non-existent. Stagnant air collects also in courts and alleys, whence it might surely be expelled by Root's blowers or by fans on the Lamb principle. Of open grates, which make a room independent of ventilators, the best are the under-fed, with an upward through draught. In regard to lighting, householders will be startled at the heavy cost of candles as compared with petroleum, or even with colza.

Dr. Thudichum's "Alcoholic Drinks" contains a great amount of pleasant information about wines, beer, and spirits. Where the different grapes grow, how they are treated, what adulterations befall them, is all set forth in detail; but there is not a word on the vexed question of what to drink and avoid, and whether wine and beer ought or ought not to be drunk at all. Indeed, the work seems more like an exhaustive article in an encyclopædia than a *Healthier's Handbook*. Dr. Thudichum is sure that the port grape is dark enough not to need elderberry juice; and he reminds us that sparkling Moselle often gets its Muscat flavour from elderflower. American wines he dismisses in a short paragraph, and he says even less about those of Australia, nor will many who know them agree with his sweeping condemnation of Hungarian wines. Unaccountably he omits from his list of German wines the excellent vintages of the Ahr Valley.

Mr. Blyth's "Diet in Relation to Health and Work" proves that instinct is in general a safe guide, roast pork being far the most indigestible of butcher's meats, though we can scarcely believe that venison is digested twice as soon as mutton, and roast goose sooner than either mutton or beef. Man's stomach is still what it was before fire was found out, for it assimilates raw meat twice as easily as that which has been well-cooked. Mr. Blyth disposes of several medical fallacies—for instance, the superior digestibility of brown bread. No doubt there is much more nitrogen in the latter, "but it is in a form not to be assimilated." In this case the poor are right, the doctors wrong.

Mr. W. Booth Scott, in "Cleansing Streets and Ways," admits that the connivance of the police at the dirt and garbage in some streets (does he mean round Covent Garden?) is "more or less necessary." It is due to that peculiarly English nuisance *concurrent jurisdiction*. Neither police nor local authorities like to be first in setting the law in motion. We are glad he speaks up for the "costers," the poor man's "stores." If the London streets are sometimes vilely dirty, it may be because Vestries are anxious to test the relative richness in organic matter of sweepings from wood, stone, and macadam. On this most elaborate calculations have been tabulated. We are glad Mr. Scott has faith not only in Moule closets but also in the value of sewage manure. That of Newington seems to be used with excellent effect on poor lands in Kent. What must go along with the discharge of sewage on land is a lavish employment of labour; if we had patriotism enough to spend a million or so in this way, even Maplin Sands might in one or two generations be turned into a smiling plain. It is well for the English scavenger that he works under better conditions than the Calcutta sweeper, who sinks knee-deep in hot filth. Mr. Scott praises the Blot and Sohy "mechanical scrapers;" but we doubt if hand-sweeping is not the best way of using up our *residuum*.

Mr. J. J. Manley on "Salt" embraces all topics, from the moot question whether or not the human animal can thrive without it—the Damaras and others are said to do so—to the derivation of Salthill, the scene of the Eton "Montem." "There has been no improvement," we are told, "in the manufacture since Roman times, though 400 patents are in existence." If we remember rightly, serfage, in Scotland, lasted on in connection with salt (as it did with coal) till quite lately. It is well to know that large-grained salt is best for curing meat, dissolving slowly, and therefore keeping up a supply of saturated brine. Salt meat is undoubtedly hard to digest; and yet doctors call salt a digester, except Dr. Hassall, who thinks it is quite unnecessary, and Dr. Howard, who styles it "the Forbidden Fruit, chief cause of diseases of body and mind," and who seems to have had influence enough to cause a "No-Salt College" to spring up in New York.

Mr. J. Cantlie, by his office of Assistant Surgeon to Charing Cross Hospital, fitted to give the best advice about "The Immediate Treatment of Accidental Injuries." He bears well-deserved testimony to the work of the Ambulance Department of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, meeting the taunt about "a little doctoring" by showing that what is taught in manuals like theirs is complete of its kind. His own book will, we feel sure, be found exceedingly useful. It treats of improvised tourniquets, compression of various arteries, means of inducing expiration and inspiration—of everything, in fact, which one can want who is brought face to face with a serious accident.

"Health in the Workshop" is admirably treated of by Mr. Inspector Lakeman. We do not think he is quite right in saying that the cotton operatives have, under better ventilation, &c., so improved upon the stunted creatures who were the outcome of the old system, as to "be equal in growth and strength to any other of the working classes." Much, however, has been done, though jute mills are still ruinous to health—three-fifths of the deaths being due to diseases of the breath organs. The way in which "potters' asthma" has been combated, and pottery works in general improved since 1864, is a typical instance of the need for, and the value of, inspection. In match-making the employment of children is, now, happily, illegal, though the use of Albright's amorphous phosphorus makes the manufacture much less injurious than it used to be.

In "Healthy and Unhealthy Houses in Town and Country," Mr. Eassie discusses the geology of the subject, the aspect of rooms, dry rot, the great rat question ("brick drains," he well reminds us, "are not everlasting"), and the still greater "closet" question. He says a good deal on the need of yourself examining the house you mean to live in, and on the duties of landlord and tenant. Strangely enough he scarcely mentions the earth-closet system, of which Mr. Moule possibly got the idea from China. Mr. R. Field adds an appendix on the water supply of country houses, a subject the importance of which this summer has forced on many of us.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS

DESPITE the recent formation of a society for the collection of well-authenticated ghost-stories, dreams, omens, *à hoc genus omne*, it may be asserted that the age of superstition is, in England, past. No phantom dare remain to alarm and perplex the era of the electric light and telegraph. It is with races and nations as with men. In their early childhood there is a wondering awe of Nature and her forces. The sun and the moon, the wind and the sea, the river and the waterfall, are either to be revered and worshipped in themselves, or they are the haunts of spirits and of gods. As for children so for races exist fairies and gnomes; the world is inhabited by numberless denizens other than mortal, and everything is regarded with amazement. That is the time of fairy tales, the time

when deeds of heroic romance are performed, the time when such legends as the Arthurian and Fingalian have their birth; where, in short, "all the land is filled full of faerie." That era, however, has long gone by for Britain. Spirits no longer haunt the streams and the meres; the Dryads were banished centuries ago from their forest homes; the "good people" fled even from the remotest nooks at the sound of the steam whistle; the pixies of Cornwall died with the old speech. Only in the mountain fastnesses of Scotland and Wales, and in the forlorn isles "set far amid the melancholy main," does a trace of the ancient credulity still linger.

It is a truism that the race which is brought into most direct contact with the mighty agencies of Nature is more superstitious than that which inhabits a fertile and populous region. The least imaginative dweller in a great city probably feels something akin to awe in the solitude of the mountains, or when out on the ocean by night, with the dome of an angry sky above, and that of the heaving and tumbling waters underneath. Thus it is that fisher folks and Highlanders were ever the most superstitious of human beings. Now that the phantoms are fleeing before the standards of the School Board, it is in those parts of the Highlands farthest removed from contact with the new order of things that the belief in the invisible world must be sought.

The lonely isles amid which the tourist sails during summer voyages on the Western Coast of Scotland are inhabited by a race as different from his own as twilight is from the glare of noonday. Familiarity with Nature in her stern moods never breeds contempt. Something of the desolation of those lonely isles, round which

For ever moans the hurt and wounded sea,

has entered into the being of the islanders. There broods a stillness which is at first awful. It is broken only by the scream of the sea-birds. The sadness which envelopes them like the mists which dwell there is reflected in the pathos of the songs. "The dreamy grief of the grey sea" lurks in the eyes of the natives. The maidens croon ballads that are as old as Ossian and as pathetic as his story. The tales that are told in the bothies around the peat fires are of lights dancing on the waves where the boat is to go down; of shrouds seen in the moonbeams; of second sight; of ghostly pipings and of kelpies or water-horses, who emerge at sundown from the lochs and tarns in search of victims. Yet the Celt fears death less than most of his countrymen; he has dwelt upon it so long that it has lost its terrors for him. But recently (it may still be so) a common salutation consisted in wishing a decorous and peaceful decease, even as, in the south, one friend wishes another good health.

A tale of the supernatural loses or gains by its surroundings. That which is regarded with a smile in a well-lighted London room becomes something very different when recapitulated, in a thatched cottage, by one to whom every word of the narrative is as true as his New Testament. The glow from the peat fire only serves to make the shadows lurk more darkly in the corners: the winds raging without shake the door fiercely: a drop of rain is blown now and again upon the window. Nature wears her most awe-inspiring aspect in the Hebridean Isles. The mists drift in strange shapes along the hillsides, rifling and gathering in a capricious manner, revealing now a terrible precipice and then a jagged summit. Mile upon mile of moorland untrodden by human foot stretches away drearily. Here and there a rude circle or cairn speaks of

Far off, old, unhappy things
And battles long ago.

Man and his works shrink into insignificance. Time has moved so slowly that the Western Isles of to-day are to all intents the Western Isles of ages past and gone. Is there, then, any cause for wonder at the superstition of the imaginative Celt? "He is the most melancholy of men: he has turned everything to supernatural uses; and every object of Nature, even the unreasoning dreams of sleep, are mirrors which flash back death upon him. He, the least of all men, requires the reminder that he is mortal. The howling of his dog will do him that service." So wrote one who studied long and lovingly the Celtic character, and to whom the Isle of Mist was very dear.

Again, the melancholy and superstition of the race may be due in part to the unsuccessful struggle which it has maintained against a slowly, but surely, conquering power. The earliest glimpses afforded in the very twilight of history, are of the defeats of the two great sections, the Gaelic at Gabhra, the Cymric at Cattraeth. Speech, custom, the race itself is being slowly annihilated; soon it will have passed for ever from the shores of Britain.

There is a similarity in the superstitions of all times and countries: though naturally the resemblance is greater between the belief of the Gaelic and the Cymric. The Gaelic woman who divines the success of a mission by the direction taken by the smoke on issuing from the chimney of her cottage is only following the example of the ancient Greeks and Romans, with a spice of Druid worship added. To that strange priesthood may be traced many of the superstitious rites practised in the Highlands and islands very recently. With regard to the belief in fairies, for example, it has been suggested that after creating them for their own purposes the Druids found them very useful in the day of defeat. For, having abducted infants, they trained them to steal forth by night and appropriate the bowl of milk or other offering set apart for the "good people." But that is not sufficient. In the legends and songs of the Highlands, there is frequent mention of intercourse with fairies, who are always designated by some other name, such as "The Hunters in Green," "The Men of Peace," &c. These are not by any means the fairies of Shakespeare, rather they are fretful, discontented people, easily offended, and delighting in the opportunity to annoy mortals, whom they seem to regard with envy and hate. On Friday they are all powerful; the Highlander's disinclination to speak of them is proportionally increased. Rites of a complex character are gone through to protect the unbaptised infant and its mother from their designs. Even as True Thomas of Eriscounne was spirited away to Fairyland, so Ossian, having fallen asleep on a shian, was kept a prisoner there for twenty years. One of the oldest ballads—a Lowland one, as it chanced—tells of the rescue of the young Tamlane from his fairy captors. Did space permit such tales might be multiplied indefinitely. Despite their jealousy of mortals, there are numerous traditions of love affairs between them. The flag of wondrous virtue, which is kept in the Castle of Dunvegan on the coast of Skye, was given to Macleod by the fairy whom he courted, in the moonlight, on the green braes by the sea. A Gaelic poem, one of many on similar themes, sings of a maiden who met in secret with "The Hunter in Green":—

"Full fondly he kissed her—she thought it no sin
Though she knew not his name, nor his kith, nor his kin;
They plighted their troth by the fount's bubbling stream
Where out, it is said, when fair mortals but dream,
The fairies hold revel and trippingly dance in the moon's mellow beam."

On the Eve of St. Agnes she confessed her love to the priest, and received from him instructions to slip under her lover's vest a cross sanctified by the holy Saint Columba. She did so, and lo! instead of the "Hunter in Green" there was only "a brown, withered twig, so elf-twisted and dry." Ere passing from the subject we may note that it has been suggested that fairy knolls have been kept green by propitiatory lacteal libation.

The Urisks were a sort of intermediary race between spirits and mortals. They acted the part ascribed to the Brownies of England and Lowland Scotland. If kindly treated, they might render service to the family to which they attached themselves, and often the gudewife found on rising that her kitchen had been put to rights and that her fire was

blazing. But neglect or unkindness was keenly felt. One Urisk, whose customary bowl of milk was one morning forgotten, fled with a loud shriek and was seen no more. The Urisks are not to be confounded with the spirit retainers of many an old Scottish family such as that of Airlie. When the chief of that "bonnie house" is about to die the ghostly drummer is heard beating his call. Even as the Irish are warned by the cry of the Banshee the poorest Highlander has many forebodings of the appearance of calamity or death. Of old, men might be encountered everywhere in the North who were possessed of the second sight. Dr. Johnson himself credited it. In an instant the gaze of the person to whom one talked became fixed; his eyelids were drawn up; he saw that which was to ordinary gaze invisible. It might be that a chair, which was occupied by a comrade in the ruddiest of health, suddenly became vacant to the seer: it might be that he beheld a shroud wrapped round the body. According to the position of the shroud was the period of death. If very low, he might live for a year, if high, death would occur in a few hours. The seers also would prophesy the arrival of visitors at the castle of the chief or in the cottage of the clansman. They have beheld representations of events which were subsequently to occur. Thus it has been foretold that another conflict will rage on Drummossie Moor, for oftentimes when crossing it in the summer gloaming has the Celt suddenly found himself in the midst of smoke and din of battle. He has seen the tartans waving and swords flashing, and though the why and when are concealed from him he believes that his vision will be realised.

Every ancient mansion in the Highlands has its story of blood and its uncanny visitant. A spirit rendered desolate the Castle of Duntuln in Skye. The MacDonalds dwelt there till Donald Gorm drove them out. While yet his body lay on a sick bed in Edinburgh he wandered through Duntuln. Unearthly voices echoed through the passages, shadowy tartans waved, there were wailings and moanings at dead of night. A young man offered "to beard the lion in his den." With sword and Bible he sat till night's deep noon. Suddenly Donald stood before him, and delivered his message. But even then he could not rest, and so the place was deserted and is crumbling into ruin. The Gael is indeed constantly receiving messages from the unseen, even though they be not so directly given as in the legend recounted. The cock which crows at midnight conveys to him the intelligence of a death in his neighbourhood. Itching of the nose or ringing in the ears he interprets in similar fashion. A hundred little things which by others would pass unnoticed are to him fraught with deepest meaning. If his cattle pine, some evil eye has gazed upon them. If he is uncertain how to proceed, and all methods of divination fail, he turns him to the witch, who can compass the death of his enemy, give him a fresh breeze to waft him home, or reveal the malign influences at work against him. Witches are, however, almost extinct, though the nineteenth century witnessed a thorough belief in their magical powers both in Scotland and Wales.

The influences of scenery and situation are deeply spiritual, and even yet, so meagre is the information as to the doings of the world, than in the Outer Hebrides Ossian and Fingal are more to the people than the Premier of Britain. The only amusement is found in the legends told in the huts when the day's work is done. And there superstition has its last home, for they hold commune

"With mountain winds and bubbling springs
And moonlight seas, that are the voice
Of these inexplicable things."

Yet let not the higher civilisation sneer at them, for it has witnessed the rise of Spiritualism, so called.

J. W.



"THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER," by L. B. Walford (3 vols.: Blackwood and Sons), is a delightfully natural story. The interest, like that of the author's former works, is entirely domestic, and depends upon the elaboration of minute detail. The heroine, Lady Matilda Wilmot, is actually a grandmother, and therefore holds a perhaps unique position in fiction. But, for all that, she is beautiful, charming in every way, full of life and high spirits, and quite young enough to give plenty of point to the family joke about her venerable title. She is well under forty, and as young, therefore, as a grandmother can well contrive to be. In all essentials she is the direct opposite of her cold and intensely well-behaved daughter, the baby's mother—indeed the elder is younger than the younger had ever been. She is so portrayed as to make the love she inspires perfectly easy to understand—a result of portraiture which is anything but the rule in novels. Another excellently-drawn character, with even more originality about him, is her younger brother Ted, who has just enough mental querness to make him difficult to deal with, but is at the same time thoroughly interesting. All the characters, however, even those which are the most lightly sketched, are excellent and lifelike, and most are more or less amusing. Nor is the dramatic element entirely wanting. But still the great merit of the novel consists in the way in which a multitude of minute touches are made to combine into so effective a whole. An extraordinary amount of observation must have gone into this novel; yet, while there is no want of matter, nothing is introduced that would have been better omitted. We gather, therefore, that L. B. Walford is an excellent economist of material, and that she has a great deal more to come. Of liveliness there is plenty: and, on the whole, the novel may be so highly recommended as to leave the reader to find out any shortcomings it may have for himself. If he manages to discover them, they will prove to be singularly small and few. We cannot promise him excitement or breathless interest: but, unless these are absolutely necessary to him, he will by no means miss them.

"Lady Lowater's Companion," by the author of "St. Olave's," &c. (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is also a domestic novel, of a more ordinary character, but very decidedly above the average. It is a study of many characters, particularly by the action of a past secret that burdens the life of a good woman—who is not the "Companion," by the way. The "Companion" is a special study—that of a woman who, sincerely believing in her own perfection, is utterly unscrupulous, just because she thinks that what she does cannot possibly be wrong. The provincial society in which the scene is laid and the action takes place is well described, and with a fair amount of humour. There is also an attractive portrait of a Quixotic clergyman, small and mean in person and bearing, but large of mind and heart. He, by the way, must be credited with one really telling and powerful scene, in which he utterly routs the "Companion," and lets her know what she really is, to her own amazement. The heroine, Valence, is also sufficiently successful to be interesting. The weak point of the work, and it is decidedly a weakness, is that the general interest, instead of being thrown, as it might well have been, altogether on its portraiture, is claimed for a plot eminently not worth telling. A very much more simple framework would have been far more suited to the powers of the authoress. We certainly hold that a novel ought to have a story, but there is certainly no necessity for making it a complicated one when the leading motive is the study of characters which require no exceptional conditions for their adequate display. It is this latter process that gives the authoress scope for her skill,

and now and then for something better than mere skill, and that makes "Lady Lowater's Companion" worth the reading.

"A Drawn Game," by Basil (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), opens with some promise of amusement, with a number of sharply-drawn characters a little after the manner of Dickens. But the promise does not last very long, though there are some incidents to follow quite odd enough in themselves to keep the reader's attention alive. A description of how the hero, who had been adopted in his childhood by an engine driver, uses his knowledge so acquired to save a train from a terrible accident, while the heroine aids him by stoking, is a decidedly novel addition to the limited amount of romance that steam has as yet been able to secure. Speaking of adoption, any foreigner who happens to get hold of "A Drawn Game," and bases on it any ideas of English social customs, will be surprised at the prevalence of adoption among all classes. Most of the characters either adopt or are adopting. The result is a very general state of confusion of relationship, and a difficulty in always distinguishing, at the right moment, between child and child. The two most noticeable characters are one of these uncomfortable heroines who do not know their own minds, and an exceedingly disagreeable clergyman with original and unorthodox views on the subject of Immersion in Baptism. On the whole, though "A Drawn Game" contains, especially at the outset, occasional bits of cleverness and humour, it cannot be called good work. It is much too long and ill-constructed, and its exaggerations do not save it from being frequently wearisome. Moreover it belongs to that class of stories which support the apparent view of novelists in general—that any story is good enough for a novel, though for nothing else in the world.

"TOUCH NOT THE WAYSIDE FLOWER!"

THE extermination of wild flowers at home and abroad threatens to become a veritable calamity to all lovers of natural beauty. From far and wide complaints reach us of the disappearance of some floral rarity owing to the devastations of tourists and hawkers; whilst the primrose, best ornament of English hedges, is certainly doomed to destruction sooner or later, unless measures are taken in time.

Not long since a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* called attention to the gradual diminution of flowers in what was formerly one of the floweriest regions in Europe. The great beauty of the environs of Nice is already a thing of the past. The beautiful flowers and ferns that grew so luxuriantly in the *vallons* around the city have receded farther and farther from its precincts, whilst not a few uncommon plants have vanished altogether. Among these is a rare and exquisite fern, the Cretan brake, a survival of the glacial epoch. Hard that a little plant, after succeeding so manfully in the struggle for existence during countless ages, should be threatened with annihilation at the hands of the nineteenth-century tourist! It must be admitted, however, that the tourist and the hawker are not the only foes wild flowers have to contend with around Nice. Speculators and builders largely contribute to the wholesale work of extermination, and as the suburbs of the city are extended the flower-covered area diminishes.

In Switzerland the same misfortune has threatened the lover of wild flowers, and in certain cantons laws have lately been enacted for their preservation. The edelweiss, every traveller's joy, is at least likely to delight the eyes of future generations, since no one is now permitted to pull it up by the roots. The existence of wild flowers in Germany is as much endangered by misdirected scientific ardour as by vulgar curiosity and the pillage of vendors. No sooner do the long summer holidays begin than into every wood, field, and meadow pour impatient schoolboys, with green tin specimen-boxes slung across their shoulders, encouraged by their elders to seize upon any striking plant they may happen to find. Let our boys and girls learn to love flowers by all means, and to learn as much of them as they can, but surely it is not necessary that they should pull up by the roots every plant they wish to examine? How far the extermination of wild flowers has gone already, any one who should now revisit the Thuringian Forest after fifteen years' absence can determine for himself. In former days, a drive through the Thuringer Wald was one of the most delightful experiences imaginable in consequence of the abundance of wild flowers to be seen on every side. Now you may search far and wide for a specimen of the pretty little yellow foxglove, once as common there as it is still on the hills of Auvergne.

Excepting the Riviera, France has not yet been revolutionised in the matter of her wild flowers. The Jura, the Morvan, the Vosges, romantic and beautiful though they are, still remain unfamiliar ground to the British tourist, and the French are not of a predatory nature as far as field flowers are concerned. Beautiful flowers will often be found near large towns; for instance, we have gathered in the neighbourhood of Dijon the rock-cistus, the Michaelmas daisy, the larkspur, the grape hyacinth, and many others. Generally speaking, too, the markets are supplied with garden flowers, and not, as too often the case with ourselves, from the banks and fields.

Take the town of Hastings as a fair example of what goes on at home. The hawking of wild flowers in the streets, if not interfered with, can have but one result. Ere many generations have passed away, not only will the primrose, the wood anemone, the marsh marigold, and the cowslip, have entirely disappeared from Sussex hedgerows; but the water-lily from our ponds, the hart's-tongue fern from our woods, the very gorse from our hill sides. A few years back there were plenty of ferns to be found in Ecclesbourne Glen, and abundance of primroses within easy walking distance of the town. So ruthless have been the depredations of hawkers within late years that, not content with denuding the banks, ponds, and meadows for miles round, they go on marauding expeditions to villages as far off as Brighton and Robertsbridge, levying blackmail upon everything they can lay hands on—hazel branches, wild rhododendrons, ground ivy, bracken—not to speak of flowers. What enjoyment people can derive from the purchase of a soiled pennyworth of primroses, that may very likely have been kept all night in a filthy lodging, it is difficult to conceive. Yet the soiled pennyworths are sold by scores and hundreds, with the result that our spring landscapes grow barer and barer. It is pitiful to see these flower-hawkers, mostly women with babies in their arms, bedraggled and bemired, taking up their posts on the parade at early morning; what these children thus dragged about to inspire pity suffer in winter time may well be imagined. No one makes any comment, just as no one takes any notice of the youthful vagrants hawking flowers, who under our new Education Act ought to be at school.

We want a Society for the Protection of Children certainly, and no less do we stand in need of a Society for the Protection of Wild Flowers. Where will be the beauty of rustic England when her flowers have disappeared? All who have travelled in certain regions of France know how much we miss the birds. Laws are passed for their protection, but it will be long ere the woodlands ring with song as in England. The primrose, however, is as necessary to us as the nightingale. Let us bestir ourselves in its behalf ere too late! Long ago that charming poet, William Allingham, in musical verses pleaded for the wild flower—

Touch not the wayside flower,
It is the traveller's dower.

These verses ought to be got by heart by every English child, rich and poor, and then perhaps we should not see that reckless pulling of plants by wholesale to be thrown down a few minutes later whenever children are in the country.

(Continued on page 334)

business, surrounded by his children, sat in his wainscotted parlour, from the windows of which he could overlook his wharves, loaded with merchandise, and watch the traffic of the river highway which brought the trade to his door. While town life was more morbid and stilted, it may be seen that rural life was more countrified. Peasants were picturesquely attired, and much of the pastoral feeling of the poets was to be realised in actual existence. The face of the country was more marked—witness the popularity of pictures treating on rural topics; moreover, the great metropolis was itself more urban; the holiday-maker, when tired of streets, was within easy stroll of the fields, in which most of the leading thoroughfares ended. The present bustling pressure of life seemed then unknown; it is difficult to imagine the staid dandies hurrying. People evidently had time for everything, they appear to have got through their occupations with reasonable ease, and to have enjoyed leisure for relaxation. If the citizen who, in spite of his cochineal breeding, was a lover of open air diversions, longed for pastoral distractions, they were readily attainable; London itself was then surrounded by suburban pleasure grounds, the traditions of which are all that now survive. School life, in the same way, was an easier business; competitive "examination" had not yet set in to intensify the mental strain on youthful minds; the scholar of tender years, clad in a tight-fitting vestment known as a "skeleton suit," not unwillingly wended his way, satchel on back, to the dominie's, while older boys who were dressed in miniature copies of the garments affected by their sires (including those top boots erst regarded as an evidence of the owner's respectability) behaved with a manliness, let us hope proportionate to the mature character of their apparel. The sovereign of the scholastic kingdom was dressed as a "scholastic," in learned robes, with a white cravat, and affected a bushy horseshoe wig of the pattern known as a "busby," after the marvellous head-master of Westminster School, the Doctor who believed in the virtue of the rod. Pleasant as were school days, when work and play divided the attention of the pupils, in more equal proportions, holidays were as welcome then as now, and "breaking-up" was literally translated; the emancipated schoolboys enjoyed a licence on that blessed anniversary which approached in various proportions. Although the generation we would describe has so utterly passed away that the period of its existence seems more distant than time actually chronicles, the taste for pictorial art, so popular in that day, which luckily favoured representations of "actualities," has preserved for us the personal semblance of our ancestors, and the episodes of both town and country life, with a distinctness which is quite realistic; and for a faithful exhibition of the life of the last century we must turn to consider the painters who flourished in the same period; for the representatives of native art in the eighteenth century were the true exponents of the manners and fashions they found surrounding them.

The rise of native English art to Hogarth's time is traced in an article in another column, and later on, at the period to which our engravings more immediately relate, we find George Morland, after Hogarth the most characteristic English painter of the eighteenth century. His most ambitious attempt in the delineation of "moral suites,"



H. SINGLETON, Engraver
"INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY"
 London: Published March 25, 1800
 These are the cares that give a zest to life,
 Source of no social, no domestic strife;
 Hence health and competence—the virtuous mind
 To frankness and to probity inclined.
 The fair perspective opening on the view,
 An easy path to duty and to virtue true,
 A long career of honour can be won with ease,
 Who would not purchase by such cares as these.

which had been made so eminently popular by Hogarth, is the series known as "Lettice, or Seduction," a set of six pictures, treated with refinement, and tracing the downward progress of an artless maid enticed from a home of innocence by a betrayer, carried to the dissipation of town, and finally—poignant and prostrate—seeking the haven of the parental roof. This series, admirably painted, created considerable interest in one of the recent Winter Exhibitions at Burlington House, but it is best known by the engravings in the dotted manner executed by John Raphael Smith for publication, with which intention the pictures were designed by the artist. The set was so popular that numerous copies and piracies were produced contemporaneously, one in spite claiming to be engraved by "Bartolotti," another in mezzotint, both of which are common. The original engravings are much prized, and a set printed in colours is quite a costly acquisition; the six plates by J. R. Smith later became the property of Rudolph Ackermann, who, in deference to one of the freaks of fashion then occasionally destructive of meritorious works of art, had the plates altered so as to bring the dresses down to the mode of the hour. Plates after Morland have suffered from this barbaous vagary in more than one instance. He designed at his best time, and during the brief glimpse he enjoyed of domesticity and rationally settled life, a pair of well-known pictures upon "The Effects of Youthful Extravagance and Dissipation" and "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy," both painted for J. R. Smith (who published the most charming prints issued in his time), and engraved by William Ward in mezzotint. The first plate of this interesting pair, perhaps the most successful of all Morland's popular works, appear in the fashion of the time, with full flowing draperies, loose full locks of hair, mob-caps, and the picturesque large hats with feathers, which the painter turned to effective account. Later on, the same engraver was employed to mezzotint these subjects on a larger scale, but with a complete modification of the toilettes—the head-dresses, such as are admired in pictures by Gainsborough and Reynolds, altered to the stiffer fashion of the close of the century, the hats and caps eliminated altogether, and the flowing draperies reduced to the fashion of the quasi-classic straightness then in vogue. A second pair of paintings being required, and Morland apparently slighting the commission for his own reasons, the publishers applied to Singleton, who availed himself of the opportunity to fair advantage, as the two plates engraved from these works, and reproduced in the present number, testify. The engravings speak for themselves. Morland's titles were adopted, and, as in the original pair, a copy of descriptive verses accompanied the plates. The stanzas which are frequently attached to Morland's subjects, were generally contributed by Collins (mis-spelt Collings in the original engraving), the friend of both the painter and publisher, well-known in the Art-world of his day. Collins, who was the author of "Memoirs of George Morland" (1806), with whose career he was intimately acquainted, was the father of William Collins, R.A., Morland's most gifted pupil. The novelist, Wilkie Collins, is grandson of the writer.

Morland's admirable series, representing four episodes taken from life—a rustic induced to enlist, and published as "The Deserter," is also another instance of these admired



H. SINGLETON, Engraver
"EXTRAVAGANCE AND DISSIPATION"
 London: Published March 25, 1800
 With what commingling life of honest joy
 Did either parent view their darling boy?
 With what fond prejudice alternate trace
 Each opening feature and unfolding grace!
 Unhappy lot of her who lives to see
 This waking dream dissolved—unhappy she
 Who robbed of all a wife's domestic joy,
 Sees penury await her striding boy.
 S. COLLINGS

"suites;" while in the way of pairs nearly all the domestic and familiar subjects appear to have been executed with this view. Morland produced the highly successful pendants, "A Visit to the Boarding School" and "A Visit to the Child at Nurse;" and this example was imitated by his contemporaries. Among other delineators of this order was William Richmond Bigg, R.A., the pupil of Penny, all of whose works inculcate a moral lesson. "Dulce Domum, or, the Return from School," and "Black Monday; or, the Departure," both of which form part of the present illustrations, belong to this class. Bigg never strayed from the simplest incidents, and although his pictures, well suited for engraving, were popular in his day, being to the taste of the times, his executive qualities were hardly such as would ensure his works a lasting reputation. The verdict of posterity, which regulates most matters in a slow but unequivocal fashion, has relegated this artist to his true position. Bigg was a remarkably benevolent-looking individual, according to the portrait published posthumously (1831). C. R. Leslie, R.A., describes him as "an admirable specimen, both in look and manner, of an old-fashioned English gentleman;" and adds that "a more amiable man never existed." Henry Singleton, to whom the commission was given for pictures as pendants to accompany works by Morland, was a kindred genius of a more subdued stamp. He gave great promise at a precociously early age, and his executive ability, though inferior to that of the highly-gifted but unfortunate George Morland, was of no mean order. He produced numerous pairs of works which have deservedly retained their reputation. "Briti in Plenty," and "Scarcity in India" afford good examples of both his art and his humour. Besides the contrasted pair of "Industry" and "Extravagance," reproduced from his pictures in the present number, the companion works, "The Curate of the Parish Returned from Duty," and "The Vicar of the Parish Receiving his Tithes," have been selected as typical illustrations of eighteenth-century life. Owing to a pique, Singleton declined to compete for the Academic honours his talents merited. Although slight, his productions are tasteful and pleasing; an agreeable and humorous colourist, his handling is exceptionally free and unlaboured. His facility was such that Sir Benjamin West was led to observe: "Propose a subject to Singleton, and it will be on canvas in five or six hours." Although not elected a member of the Royal Academy, he was evidently held in esteem by that corporation. In 1793 he was favoured with the commission to paint a portrait-group of the Royal Academicians assembled in council—an important and interesting work in the possession of that body. It has been engraved on a large scale.

Francis Wheatley, R.A., was another friendly rival of Morland. He was a "boon companion" of the painter, and worked with him at various times; to Morland's pan of paintings, "St. Valentine's Day" (now in South Kensington Museum, Jones's Bequest), and its companion, "The Happy Family," he contributed a pair of pendants, "The Love-sick Maid" and "The Marriage." All four works were engraved by Dean in mezzotint; unfortunately, this "scrapper," from inferior talent or a love of over-elaboration, generally contrived to scrape all the life out of his plates. Wheatley excelled in genre painting, both in oil and water-colour; he is represented by some delightful subject-pictures, which obtained general popularity



Engraved by Geo. Hunt
PROMENADE, WINTER COSTUME, 1825
 Published February 11, 1825, by Dyal and Hunt, 18, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden

introduced to Europe. If the Suez Canal does not actually produce cholera through its water-course of sewage, it may, at all events, serve as a hot-bed in which dormant cholera germs from the Far East can be hatched into sudden activity. And perhaps this theory may account for the many alarms of cholera in Europe lately. In the old days, before the Suez Canal was made, cholera was worse in India than it is now; but it only reached Europe at long intervals. This was because it had to traverse the desert, or go round by the Cape, and in either route pure air "killed it," so to say; but now it finds a great filthy ditch ready to hand at Suez, and, according to its custom everywhere, it runs along the banks, just as lightning might fly along conductors. In India it is hardly safe to march along the banks of a large and clean river. Regiments so marching are pretty certain to contract the disease, though why cholera should affect clean rivers I am unable to say. It may be that the annual "freshets," or floods, turn up a lot of decaying matter from the river bed, and that the seeds of cholera are thus carried down the stream. Any way, a watercourse is always to be avoided in cholera countries; but Egypt is emphatically a cholera country, and the Suez Canal is about as dirty a watercourse as there is anywhere.

Familiarity with cholera breeds contempt of it, and so the Indian journals have been making merry over the panic shown in Europe lately. But serious visitations of cholera—in the epidemic form—are fortunately not very common in India now, and when they do occur despair, if not panic, seems to seize on every one. At the great outbreak of cholera at Kurrachee, in Scinde, many years ago, a singular phenomenon was noticed. The sky suddenly became lurid, and threatening in the last degree. There was no hurricane, as was expected, but cholera in the most dreadful form immediately appeared. And I think that it is not unusual for outbreaks of cholera to be preceded by weather indicating thunderstorms; that is to say, yellow clouds, and a close "muggy" atmosphere. In India we have been laughing, too, at the preposterous precautions recommended for the warding off of cholera, though Indian specifics are often ridiculous enough. I remember when a subcutaneous injection of quinine was thought to be a certain cure. Also, enormous doses of castor oil and laudanum taken alternately. Also, champagne—a much pleasanter remedy—and, of course, brandy. I rather think that the man—a *shikarree* probably—who first mixed brandy with the water he took from a roadside tank or well, forestalled Dr. Koch in his ideas of the disease. The alcohol was calculated to destroy the germs in the water, and I believe myself that it is a wholesome rule to colour doubtful water with good brandy or whisky. That is to say, when travelling, for it is a man's own fault, or his filter's, if he cannot have pure water in his own bungalow. Cholera, however, is a very curious, and seemingly capricious disease. Strong men are just as liable to be seized as weak men, and for cures, I have known a patient to be almost suddenly cured by a bottle of plain soda water when his case was given up as hopeless. But these are digressions from the main contention—that the Suez Canal is a conductor of cholera to Europe. Though one has only to think of the vast number of huge steamers, crowded with passengers or troops, passing annually through the Canal—there may be twenty such vessels in the Canal on a single day—to feel convinced that M. De Lesseps' splendid work must be fast becoming a great open sewer. The very fishes seem to know this, and so do the birds. A few years ago one might travel all through the Canal without seeing a bird, save only the wild fowl on Lake Menzaleh; but now every steamer is accompanied by numbers of beautiful white seagulls, which fare sumptuously on the pieces of meat, &c., thrown over from the cook's galley. I have heard that gulls also accompany the great Cunarders across the Atlantic, taking a return steamer from New York as regularly as possible; and in the Suez Canal they must be useful as scavengers—though, of course, only to a limited extent, considering the immense quantity of sewage that must now enter it. The question is, how to cleanse the Canal and to keep it clean. And that is a question not easily answered. The tide or current does not run more than perhaps two knots an hour, and so could not possibly scour the canal; and, considering the time often taken for the passage from Suez to Port Said—generally twenty-four hours, if not more—it would be difficult to enforce any rules upon ships to prevent their discharging their filth into the Canal. If the water-way were wider and deeper, and if a vessel could make the passage of eighty-four miles at full speed in, say, seven hours, such a law might be enforced. And if the Suez Canal is not widened and deepened, so that something of the kind might be done, it will probably come to this: that the present ditch will be choked with sewage, and positively dangerous to sail on in very hot weather. I don't believe myself that cholera is ever carried from India to Suez unless in very rare cases, because the fortnight's passage over the Ocean and up the Red Sea, with all the pure sea air of the passage, would generally dispel it; but I think that cholera often comes on board at Suez, or in the Canal, and this accounts for it breaking out in the Mediterranean. The whole matter is one of considerable importance to Europe, because there is involved in it the question whether we shall have frequent appearances of cholera in Europe, or only its appearance at long intervals, as before.

F. E. W.

A PUFF OF SMOKE

We were five in a first-class carriage; the last bell had rung, and we were on the point of starting, when a porter tore open the door, with a "Jump in, sir;" and a tall, well-dressed young fellow, pipe in mouth, did as the porter bade him. The door was banged, and the new-comer dropped into his seat, and emitted a thick cloud of smoke.

"This is not a smoking carriage, sir," said an elderly gentleman, blandly.

The last-comer was a perfect stranger—young, good-looking, and well-dressed. We had not been introduced, but in an instant we knew what his name must be, as he turned to the speaker, puffed forth another cloud, and said in a loud voice full of effrontery—

"Eh?"

"I merely said that this was not a smoking carriage," said the first speaker.

"Oh!"

The elderly gentleman coloured a little, and seemed disposed to speak sharply, for his mouth twitched at the corners and his lips moved, but he evidently thought it useless to engage in a wordy warfare with a young man of the class "Arry," and, drawing back in his corner, he sat frowning.

The smoker looked round with an insolent air that seemed to ask for the next assailant; but, as is often the case when a bold, offensive mien is adopted, men who are courageous enough when roused, shrink from a quarrel, or, at all events, from a sharp encounter.

No one met his eye but a little, keen-looking, middle-aged man, to whom he said sharply—

"Do you object to smoking?"

"Oh, dear me, no," was the quick reply; "I am a smoker."

"Oh, you looked as if you did!"

Then, turning towards the bland elderly gentleman, the new comer continued with a sneering laugh—

"You can change carriages next time we stop."

The look he received in reply would have made some men uncomfortable. Our young friend, however, like his class—the pest of all railways—was too thick-skinned, and he smoked on demantly an

unpleasant, weak, herbaceous kind of tobacco, a packet of which he emptied into his india-rubber pouch.

"Strikes me," said the little keen-looking man, "that some people make a deal too much fuss about a bit of tobacco-smoke. Those who don't like it needn't be disagreeable to those who do."

I saw two of our fellow passengers' brows contract as the little man drew a cigar-case from his pocket, and the bland elderly gentleman looked first angrily, then apprehensively, at the little man, who went on in the most imperturbable way.

"Just you try that sir," he said, after carefully selecting a cigar. "You'll find that a good one."

He carefully cut off the pointed end with a little spring machine hanging at his watch chain before handing the cigar to the new comer. Then taking one for himself, he cut it and struck a match, holding it out with a peculiar look to the young man, who stuck the cigar in his mouth, slipped his pipe into a handsome velvet-lined case, lit up, and handed back the match.

The little man just had time to light his own and toss out the wax match before the flame reached his fingers, and then two cigars were in full blast.

Just then there was a faint cough, of the kind usually premonitory to a remark, and the elderly gentleman said quietly:

"I have always made a point in travelling of being agreeable to my fellow travellers, and where smoking carriages are provided—"

"Oh, we know all about that," said the young man, insolently. "You can change at the next station."

"I intend to do so," was the reply. "Unfortunately we have half an hour's run first."

I saw the little man give the other a comical look, and pull away at his cigar, sending forth clouds of smoke, when the young fellow imitated him, smoking furiously; and I felt so wroth that if any more disputing had resulted I should have made a dead attack upon the thin little man, who was sitting nearly opposite to me.

When we entered the compartment, and had conversed with him, we found him an exceedingly gentlemanly, well-informed personage; hence his conduct in evidently urging on the contemptible young cad to annoy his fellow passengers was the more inexplicable.

The bland gentleman sat back and stared at the parcel net, the little man stared at me, and I stared at him, while 'Arry, who was evidently a very athletic young man of good position, stared at everybody in turn, and smoked as hard as he could.

The train sped on faster and faster, the compartment grew more full of smoke, and in an indignant fit I lowered the window from half open to full, when the two neutral passengers looked at one another, and one said, "That's better."

This highly delighted 'Arry of the East End brain, and he winked at the little thin man, who returned his look and smiled, smoking harder than ever.

"Well," said one of the neutral passengers, "I'm sorry to annoy you, sir" (this to the old gentleman), "but I'm going to smoke in self-defence."

"Don't mind me, sir," said the old gentleman, quietly. "I only objected on principle. I, too, like a cigar; but when I do smoke in travelling, I always go into a smoking carriage."

"This is a smoking carriage now," I said sarcastically, and I pulled out my own case, and the second neutral passenger followed my example, and offered his to the bland old gentleman.

The result was that in another minute we were all smoking, and our young friend 'Arry exclaimed,

"There, you may thank me for this; and—"

"I think you may thank me for that, my young friend," said the little thin man in a keen, sarcastic voice.

"What do you mean?" said the young fellow roughly.

"That cigar you have been smoking. How do you feel?"

Every eye was directed at our young companion, who was ghastly pale; and as he sat back with his cap on the back of his head, we could see that his forehead and nose were beaded with a dew of perspiration.

"I—I don't know what you mean," he said hoarsely.

"You do," said the little man; "but our fellow-travellers do not. I gave you that cigar for a lesson. It is one of the very strongest that are made. It is a peculiar growth of Havana leaf, and I, a very old smoker, find half of one quite sufficient. There."

As he spoke he threw the half-smoked cigar he held between his lips out of the window.

"I'm afraid I've been very rude to you gentlemen," he said, bowing to me; and then looking round at the rest with a smile which rested longest on the bland old gentleman in the corner; "but I keep a case of these cigars for the benefit of ill-behaved cads of boys."

"Do you dare to—?" began the young man, starting up.

"Sit still, my young friend, for goodness' sake!" said the little man in a cutting, ironical tone. "I am a physician; and for the benefit of our fellow-travellers I will diagnose your symptoms and sufferings."

He again looked round smilingly at us, and then laughed at the sufferer, who was livid.

"You are suffering, sir, from a painful form of narcotic poison. The brain and stomach of the human being grow by use tolerant of the action of nicotine, and it thus becomes in moderation a pleasant sedative. But all the same to those unused to its action it is decidedly poisonous. That cigar has half-poisoned you; and, consequent upon your smoking so hard to insult and annoy me and these gentlemen, you are feeling exceedingly ill."

The young man tried to dart a furious look at him, but it was all but lost.

"Now," continued the little man, "I make a rule of exacting a guinea fee for advice. I will make an exception in your case. Sit perfectly still. Breathe as much fresh air as you can till we stop; then suppose you change your carriage—or, no, better still, have a little brandy, and go on by the next train."

The young fellow's eyes rolled, but he did not speak, and his tormentor went on:

"Smoke by all means, if you like, but in the future try and practice a little consideration for your fellow-passengers. You are evidently a gentleman by education, but your conduct has been that of thousands of ill-mannered youths on every line of railway in the country. Hah! we are stopping. That's it. Try the brandy. Allow me to open the door."

The young man rushed out of the compartment as the carriage stopped, and disappeared in the refreshment room.

"I'm afraid I was very rude to you, sir," said the doctor to the bland old gentleman.

"Don't name it, pray. But that young man? Did you give him too strong a dose?"

"Not at all, and I hope it may prove curative in its effects."

"Take your seats, please. Going on."

This from the guard. Then bang, bang, bang, whistle, grunt, and the train went on, one passenger missing from our compartment.

G. M. F.

WINE MINUS THE GRAPE is provided cheaply for poor Parisians and innocent thirsty tourists according to the following recipe—so at least unkindly says an Italian contemporary:—"Pour into a cask a quantity of water, to which add potato juice, barley juice, sugar, yeast, cream of tartar, violet roots, elder blossoms, bleaching liquid, and glycerine. Vary the names of the wine according to the different proportions in which the ingredients are used."

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE CHURCH

THE tablet represented forms one of a series, in which the names of all officers who have passed through Sandhurst, and who have been killed or died of wounds in recent wars, are to be commemorated. The series begins with the Crimea. There will be tablets to commemorate the Indian Mutiny, Afghanistan, and Egypt, as well as one which will include China, New Zealand, and Ashanti. The tablets are of large size, measuring six feet by four



feet six inches. The work is executed in alabaster and choice marbles. The committee will proceed to put up the other four tablets as soon as they are supplied with funds for the purpose. At present only two have been executed. One is shown above. The second, which commemorates the officers who fell in the Crimean War, 1854 and 1855, contains the following names:—

Cornet C. P. Houghton (11th Hussars); Captain T. H. Goad (14th L. Dragoons); Captain A. E. Rowley (Grenadier Guards); Lieut.-Col. J. D. Mackinnon (Coldstream Guards); Major H. F. Drummond (Scots Fusilier Guards); Captain W. M. Allix (1st Foot); Col. H. C. Cobbe (4th Foot); Lieut. Hon. E. Fitz-Clarence (7th Foot); Lieut. W. L. G. Wright (7th Foot); Lieut. J. L. Croker (7th Foot); Lieut. P. Godfrey (19th Foot); Major J. P. Sharpe (20th Foot); Lieut.-Col. F. G. Ainslie (21st Foot); Captain W. H. Poole (23rd Foot); Lieut. E. H. Holden (25th Foot); Captain A. W. Connolly (26th Foot); Lieut. H. S. Marsh (31st Foot); Lieut. L. R. Heyland (32nd Foot); Lieut. R. J. B. Clayton (34th Foot); Major-General Sir J. Campbell, Bart. (38th Foot); Captain J. C. Vaughan (38th Foot); Lieut.-Col. J. Esman (41st Foot); Lieut. H. C. Marriott (41st Foot); Captain F. E. Caulfield (43rd Foot); Captain W. W. Rooke (47th Foot); Brigadier-General H. W. Adams (49th Foot); Major T. N. Dalton (49th Foot); Lieut. R. J. T. Strong (55th Foot); Captain G. H. Norman (57th Foot); Lieut.-Col. R. A. Shearman (60th Foot); Major W. F. Dickson (62nd Foot); Col. E. St. P. Swynn (63rd Foot); Captain A. Lemprière (77th Foot); Col. F. W. Egerton (77th Foot); Captain W. C. Peechell (77th Foot); Captain F. Corbett (88th Foot); Captain J. Avray (88th Foot); Lieut. J. B. Preston (88th Foot); Lieut.-Col. J. G. Champion (95th Foot); Captain L. Fraser (95th Foot); Lieut. G. R. Preston (95th Foot); Captain M. W. Hammond (Rifle Brigade); Captain A. A. Cartwright (Rifle Brigade); Lieut. L. N. Malcolm (Rifle Brigade); Lieut. H. Tryon (Rifle Brigade).

Contributions from officers, and from the friends of those who are commemorated, will be gladly received either by the Commandant or the Chaplain of the Royal Military College. The tablets are the work of Messrs. M. T. Bayre and Co., Mill Bank Street, Westminster.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S COTTAGE at Fordham, New York State, where "The Raven" was written, is to be preserved as a historical relic.

CHAMOIS are increasing rapidly in Switzerland, thanks to the new protective laws introduced. Of late hunters and poachers had so diminished their numbers that the animals became exceedingly rare, but now certain districts are reserved expressly for their safety, and considerable herds are again seen in the mountains.

THE ROLLICKING GERMAN STUDENT intends to amend his ways. A National Students' Congress will be held at Eisenach in October, where the chief Teutonic Universities will propose an elaborate reform bill, mainly intended to abolish duelling, and check all extravagant habits, and so-called debts of honour.

THERE ARE NEARLY ELEVEN THOUSAND BRITISH INHABITANTS of Paris, according to the last Parisian census. The greatest number of foreigners are Belgians, who figure at 45,281. The German number 31,140, the Italian, 21,547, the Swiss 20,810, the American 5,987, and the Chinese 65. The total population is 2,239,928, an increase of 251,122 since 1876.

THE PROCESS OF TAX-COLLECTING IN CASHMERE does not appear to differ so much from the coercive measures adopted towards the Egyptian fellahs. An Englishman who recently visited Lalpura recently witnessed a collector going his rounds. In order to compel the payment of the rupees demanded, each defaulter had a big stone placed on one shoulder, his head uncovered and exposed to the hot sun, while sometimes his feet were placed in the stocks. This torture was inflicted, it should be noted, by a Mussulman on Mussulmans, and not by Hindoos on their traditional enemies, and it was all done as a matter of course, as though there were nothing remarkable in the proceeding.

A MEDAL COMMEMORATING THE DEFENCE OF PARIS IN 1870-1 is being prepared for the French Government—somewhat late in the day. On one side is a female figure representing the City of Paris holding a gun, and confronting the enemy's cannon on the horizon. A bandage encircles her head, and a National Guard's cloak is draped round her shoulders. Behind her are forts and several of the Paris buildings, while a pigeon and a balloon float over her head. The names and dates of the chief battles round Paris are inscribed on the other side of the medal, surrounding a copy of the funeral column erected over the dead at Champigny, a young laurel tree springing up at the base.

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF FOREIGN ANIMALS IN THE COLONIES does not always give complete satisfaction, as both Australia and America know to their cost in the matter of rabbits and sparrows. Now, in Jamaica, the inhabitants begin to complain that the mongoose, which was brought over to kill the sugar-cane rats, has a decided taste for eggs, fruit, and vegetables, though it only devours these when short of other food. The mongoose too seriously disturbs the harmless snakes, lizards, ground-hatching birds, and many other of the indigenous fauna, which therefore, according to the report of the Director of Public Gardens, seem likely to become extinct very speedily. If these insect-eating creatures disappear it is feared that the insect pests, left undisturbed, may do more damage than the offending rats on the sugar estates.

through the engraver's art; "The Soldier's Departure," "The Sailor's Return," "A Lover's Anger," and numerous other instances of his ability are still in great request; he also designed the series of "London Cries," sets of which are highly estimated. He excelled in rustic subjects, was a fair master of pastoral delineation, and also painted several pictures of a military character, which are still in demand, such as "The Gordon Riots," "The Dublin Volunteers," and others; and he painted the members of the Irish House of Commons. Like his friend Morland, his life was ill-regulated, and a fine constitution was prematurely wrecked by excesses. The name of Richard Westall, R.A., must be included in the list of subject-painters. As a designer he was probably more productive than any of his contemporaries; although many of his pictures are in oils, he may be claimed as one of the founders of the English school of water-colour Art. Much of his work has many excellences, though his tendency was somewhat towards insipidity compared to the more robust productions of the artists already described. As a figure-painter he inaugurated the change from a feeble to a brilliant style of water-colour drawing some ten years before the same advance was made in landscape by the practitioners of that branch. Several his works exhibit great beauty of execution, and are full of colour. We may judge of the effect they produced in Westall's day by an anecdote related of Northcote, to whom the former submitted some of his performances, when seeking advice as to how far he was justified in the change of manner with a vehicle



Painted by H. SINGLETON
Engraved by T. BURKE
"THE VICAR OF THE PARISH RECEIVING HIS TITHES"
London: Published October 31st, 1793, by I. Brydon at his Looking-Glass and Print Warehouse, Charing Cross

the resources of which were then undeveloped. After examining the drawings attentively for some time, Northcote astonished his friend by a burst of unexpected enthusiasm:—"Why, this is something new in Art! How do 'ee do it? I did not believe that water-colour could be brought to this perfection. Why, young man, these are the most beautiful specimens of the art I have seen. I would give the world to do such things."
The design given in the present number, representing promenaders clad in the curious winter costumes of 1825, airing their graces, is due to an amateur, whose signature "M. E., Esq.," is attached to several mildly humorous productions of the same period; he was known personally to George Cruikshank, who mentioned to the writer that the execution of similar designs had been among the most profitably remunerated exercises of his skill. It is not recorded who "M. E." actually was, and inquiries of the descendants of George Hunt, who acquainted many subjects after his sketches, have failed to establish the identity of the designer. His productions are invariably signed "M. E., Esq.," pointing to an amateur of position; in 1825 he ventured upon independent publication, and a quarto of sketches appeared from his hand, under the eccentrically grotesque title of "Olio Rigmaroli,—Airy Nothings, or Scraps and Naughts and Odd-cum-Shorts; in a Circumbendibus Hop, Skip, and Jump. Drawn and written by M. E., Esq." This work consisted of incidents of travel, purporting to be drawn in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; the plates were engraved by George Hunt. JOSEPH GREGO



Painted by W. R. BIGG, A.
Engraved by JOHN JONES, Extraordinary Engraver to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Principal Engraver to H.R.H. the Duke of York
"DULCE DOMUM," OR THE RETURN FROM SCHOOL
Published as the Act directs, December the 1st, 1790, by W. R. Bigg, No. 11, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"Good morning, Miss Rockingham,"

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JULYS

But the long glorious July days have arrived, and with them come not only the end of the season—a circumstance with which this story has little to do, but that large meeting at the back of the Ditch, where we all wear the lightest and most unconventional costumes, the slouchiest of hats, where we smoke endless cigars, consume cup by the pailful, commit flirtation unlimited, and back winners unceasingly, at least, as Whyte-Melville sings (on quite another subject) "It is so we are trained and taught." But, ah me! these trainers and teachers! When we come away at the end of the week we find that the grass must have been damp, and that we have caught a severe cold, that those buckets of cup have not agreed with us, that a dozen cigars a day make one feel dreadfully "chippy" in the morning, we have misgivings that we have said a good deal more to Mrs. Golightly than was quite discreet, and above all a sad conviction that our Monday's account is very much the reverse of a winning one.

Still, what veteran punter or juvenile plunger ever misses that quiet meeting at the back of the Ditch held in the dog days? The Golconda of Ascot has failed us, and the Ophir of Goodwood is yet to come. That the racing at the Newmarket July Meeting is good is notorious, and it certainly is regarded as a battle-field upon which the hungry backer is apt to get the better of his natural enemy, the bookmaker.

Sir Marmaduke had been a prominent figure at Ascot, where the betting had been unusually heavy. The Baronet's speculations had been not only successful, but of a magnitude rarely witnessed. It was known that he had been a very heavy loser this year, notably over the Two Thousand and Derby, in both of which he had supported not only his own horses, but in the latter race the Dancing Master as well, believing him to be a thoroughly good horse, and it was further announced that he had declared it was only money lent, and that he would win it all back before Goodwood. The Ring looked somewhat glum over the Ascot settling; it had been one of those sunny weeks so rarely vouchsafed to the gentlemen, and most of the leading turfites had been good winners over the meetings, whilst as for Sir Marmaduke, the bookmakers vowed he had gone pretty near to fulfilling his boast.

The Baronet was installed at Panton Lodge, eager for the fray, it is needless to state, the day before the meeting began.

Report spoke highly of a flying filly in his stable that was to make her *début* in the July Stakes. Atalanta was said to be a veritable clipper. She was as good as Bushranger at even weights; she had beaten Pibroch at 10 lbs.; there hadn't been such a filly seen on the Heath since Crucifix's day; these, and many more such *canards* were in the air concerning her, and it was no secret that the Baronet had trusted her with a very large sum of money in the forthcoming race.

"It is very awkward, Sir Marmaduke," said Mr. Pipes, "who had ridden down from the stables as soon as he found his patron had arrived, and requested an audience, 'but it might have been worse. Something might have happened to the filly instead of to her jockey.'"

"There's no chance whatever, I suppose, of Blackton being able to ride?" inquired the Baronet.

"None. I went to see him again just before I came up. He's quite comfortable, and there's no more harm than a broken collar. It's set, and he'll soon be about again, and well as ever, but it's no use thinking about his riding this meeting, or even at Goodwood. The bone won't be knit firm enough to rely upon."

"How did it happen?" inquired Sir Marmaduke.

"He was giving Pibroch a pretty sharp gallop, and the lad, who was busy unsheeting Atalanta, threw the head-piece over his shoulder—careless young idiot. Pibroch shied badly at it, and shot Blackton over his shoulder, and a broken collar-bone was the result."

"It's deuced lucky, Pipes, I engaged that lad Forrest to ride. I suppose we must put him up."

"There's nothing else for it, Sir Marmaduke. I don't like putting a lad up with so little experience, especially when I hear you have got such a lot of money on it. But he's as good as any one it's possible to get now."

"And the filly's all right, eh?"

"She's fit to run for her life, Sir Marmaduke, and in my opinion should win. One never can quite tell in a field of youngsters, but you know how very high we have tried ours, and I can only say, if one turns up to beat her, it must be a very, very smart colt, indeed."

"I suppose all Newmarket knows about Blackton's accident by this?"

"Yes; and I daresay it's been wired to town, besides, only on my way here Broughton hailed me—he'd just arrived—with 'Filly

all right, Pipes, I hope. They're laying rather easier odds to-day in London against her.'"

"Ah! gone back in the betting, has she? I hadn't time to go down to Tattersall's before I left. Never mind, I'll stroll down to the Rooms this evening, and if any of the bookmakers open their mouths too wide, I'll have another thousand on."

"Well, Sir Marmaduke," said the trainer, as he took up his hat, "I can only say Atalanta's good enough to win nineteen Julys out of twenty; and after what we saw at Epsom, I reckon this lad Forrest's good enough to win on the best horse, and I fancy we shall see him do it to-morrow. By the way, sir, if they give him a chance in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, and as third in the Two Thousand, and only fourth in the Derby, they can't put a big weight on him, Pibroch ought to take a deal of doing. He's wonderfully well just now."

"Ah, Pipes, time enough to think of that when we've got through this meeting, and carried off the Julys."

"I hope we shan't be disappointed. Good night, Sir Marmaduke."

Now one of the first persons to know of Blackton's mishap was Cuthbert Elliston. He had come down to Newmarket after his wont on the Saturday, to take stock of the morning gallops on the Sunday and Monday, and pick up as much information concerning the horses trained on the Heath as he could manage to come by. He and his partner Sam Pearson divided their duties somewhat in this fashion. The lawyer, living at York, chiefly superintended their horses at Riddleton, and to him the collection of all racing information from the Northern stables was entrusted. The horses at Greyson's were chiefly owned jointly, though each had one or two exclusively his own individual property. They sometimes differed about the policy of buying this or that, and the Dancing Master had become Elliston's exclusive property in this wise, Pearson having no fancy for the horse while his partner thought well of him. To Elliston living in London, and so within easy distance of Newmarket, the gathering of news from the South-country stables and most of their joint betting transactions were entrusted, and in watching the gallops on the Monday he witnessed Blackton's mishap. Of course, the two men constantly amalgamated, Pearson usually coming south for all important meetings, just as Elliston went north for York and Doncaster. The two partners differed in one thing—the lawyer was very much the more cautious of the two, and never could be persuaded to play for such bold *coups* as his associate. He might

not win so big a stake as Elliston, but then, on the other hand, Sam Pearson never stood to be hit anything like so hard as his associate.

Cuddie Elliston having had his quill feathers most ruthlessly plucked in the days of his youth, had, when he turned hawk, developed that overwhelming rapacity that characterises the dog when it takes to sheep-worrying. Like that relentless marauder, which will run a score of sheep to death to gratify his carnal desire for a leg of mutton, so would Elliston stick at no trifles to arrive at the possession of a hundred pounds; and the more tortuous and dubious the path that led to its acquirement, the greater the fascination the pursuit seemed to present to him. To an old turfite like Elliston the consequences of Blackton's fall presented themselves at once. He saw the fall was a bad one, that the jockey was severely shaken, and in all probability would not be able to ride Atalanta the next day. The thought at once flashed across Elliston what was to be got out of this. Of course he was *an couvant* with all the rumours concerning the Panton Lodge crack, but none knew better than Elliston what a difference the want of a capable jockey might make to a horse's prospects. He rapidly ran over in his mind whom Bobbie Pipes, as he called him, could get to take Blackton's place. He knew the riding obligations of all the leading horsemen at Newmarket, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Pipes would have to be content with a very inferior artist in the saddle upon this occasion. Now what was to be made of this little bit of information that had come to him early and unexpectedly? To the majority of men it would seem nothing, but Cuthbert Elliston's scheming brain was not long before it evolved something out of the accident that might tend to its owner's advantage.

There was in the Julys a horse called Newsmonger, about which Elliston possessed excellent information. It had been tried considerably above an average two-year-old, and the stable were very sanguine about its chance, should any mistake have been made with regard to Atalanta. Tom Pycroft, one of the half-dozen first-class horsemen of the day, was the accredited jockey of the owner, and Elliston at once jumped to the conclusion that he would be something like 7 lbs. better than any rider it was now possible for the Panton Lodge people to get hold of for their filly. Atalanta might be a flyer; but an artist like Pycroft, with a clever colt like Newsmonger under him, was quite likely to outstride whatever boy Mr. Pipes might now be able to pick up. The deduction was obvious: he had already backed Newsmonger for a little, but now he would telegraph to town at once, and go for a rattling good stake upon that animal; and Elliston rode straight off to the office and acted at once upon this inspiration. This it was that had a depreciating effect upon the status of Atalanta in the price current on the great turf exchange.

Elliston was very well pleased when he found, on the arrival of the special, that the filly had deteriorated in the London turf market, and chuckled over his own astuteness in having so promptly taken advantage of the accident, thereby procuring a longer price against Newsmonger than was now obtainable; but when he strolled into the Rooms in the evening, he was destined to be somewhat put out of conceit with the result of his manoeuvre. At first it certainly seemed as if Blackton's fall had brought about the very consequences he had foreseen; but he forgot, as people sometimes will, that he had contributed not a little towards the fulfilment of his own prophecy. Atalanta was evidently not so firm a favourite as she had been, while the anxiety to back Newsmonger of course brought about a rapid reduction in the odds proffered against the Panton Lodge filly. The babbling of tongues was a little stilled about eleven by the entrance of Sir Marmaduke; the Ring watched eagerly to see what he would do, for by this time Blackton's accident was known to every one, and that Atalanta was without a jockey was the current gossip of the evening.

"Want to back yours, Sir Marmaduke?" said a knowing little man with eyes like gimlets in their capacity for going through one.

"Let me put you down two monkeys to one once."

The Baronet shook his head. Six to four had been the best offer yesterday, and now "Two to one Atalanta" resounded through the room. Suddenly the stentorian voice of a leviathan bookmaker from the hardware country rose high above the din with the cry of "Here's five thousand to two Atalanta, or any part of it." Twice was the offer repeated, apparently unheeded by Sir Marmaduke, but hardly had the bold speculator shouted his war cry for the third time than the Baronet quietly rejoined,

"You can put it down to me, Plyant, and twice if you like."

But he of the hardware country shook his head, as he answered,

"Once is enough, Sir Marmaduke."

"I'll take two thousand to a thousand Atalanta," roared Bob Broughton, and with that the re-action set in like a mill stream, and another half hour saw the filly once more firmly established as first favourite at her old price.

"Have you heard whom they have got to ride Atalanta?" inquired Elliston of a friend, who left the rooms with him.

"No, and I'm puzzled to think who it can be. It is so easy to say who it can't, and I know Reardon is going to run that brute Hemlock, just to keep Job Temple off the filly's back. He stands badly against her, and has gone for Newsmonger, and, as luck will have it, has first call of Temple. He never dreamt of running Hemlock, who is only half trained, till he heard of Blackton's accident. Nevertheless, from the way Sir Marmaduke snapped up Plyant, it looks as if they had got hold of somebody they consider good enough. However, the Baronet's always sanguine, and may be they haven't after all."

Elliston as he walked home began to fear that his speculation was not quite so good as he had thought it. Still Sir Marmaduke was a cool hand, and not likely to blench at a slight fall in the barometer. He had shown more than once that he could meet disaster with quite as unmoved a front as he could victory, and though young in years, was already far too well versed in the vicissitudes of the racecourse to expect the glass always to be at set fair.

Jubilant was Jim Forrest that evening when summoned by Mr. Pipes to an audience at the Panton Lodge Stables, adjoining which the trainer's comfortable house stood, to find for what he was wanted. It was a great chance to be on the crack of such a powerful stable in a big two-year-old race like the July Stakes, and as he listened to Mr. Pipes' instructions Jim felt that he was on the verge of winning another step or two up the ladder.

"I reckon, Forrest, you'll have a tolerable easy job, but remember men at the top of your profession have fooled away races again and again from over-belief of that kind. Now pay attention to what I say to you, and remember Sir Marmaduke has a very big stake on the result. You're going to ride on one I've tried as high as ever I did try one, and I believe she's a thorough stayer besides. I want you to get well off, and take a good place from the beginning, and keep it. Half-way up the distance come right away, don't ride her head off, but don't let any of the old hands get near you at the finish. It's no use fighting a race out with them before you're obliged. Some of the layers will wear wry faces to-morrow when they see you up. They've all heard of Blackton's accident, and fancy we're fairly heaped for some one to ride."

"All right, Mr. Pipes," replied Forrest, "there's no fear of my forgetting those orders, and don't be afraid of my attempting a fine finish unless I'm compelled."

"He's grit, and will do his best," muttered the trainer, as Jim took his departure, "but the chap didn't begin in a stable, I'll take my oath."

There was considerable excitement when the saddling bell rang next day for the July Stakes. Atalanta was a hotter favourite than ever, and Sir Marmaduke had completely cowed the Ring by accepting fifteen hundred to a thousand about her chance, and offering to go on. Most of the leading bookmakers closed their volumes as far as the filly was concerned, and declined even to make an offer against her. About who was to ride her there was also much curiosity and equal mystery. Those most closely connected with the stable said truthfully that they did not know, but that Sir Marmaduke declared it was all right, and she would win easily, and the Baronet had endorsed this statement by his transactions in the betting-ring an hour ago. Up go the numbers, and then all the world knows that it is Jim Forrest who is going to ride Atalanta—a young jockey, it is true, still it is fresh in the memory of all race-goers that he won the Two Thousand on a very queer-tempered one, and fairly beat Blackton himself in a ding-dong struggle for third place at Epsom. Atalanta pleases all judges who go to see her saddled marvellously. She looks a galloper all over, and is obviously trained to the hour. Shorter and shorter grow the odds against her, till at last she is fairly established at evens against the field. The Newsmonger men rather lose heart, and cease supporting their horse in face of the way the money is literally poured down upon the Panton Lodge filly.

As he canters down to the post Jim discovers with much satisfaction that he has a much pleasanter mount than he had in the Two Thousand. Atalanta is a perfect lady as regards her manners, and behaves with the greatest propriety at the post. At the first attempt the flag falls to a capital start, and the filly proving herself a good beginning enables Jim to take a prominent place in the van. At the distance the comfortable conviction begins to steal over him that he holds his field safe, but riding strictly to orders he comes clean away half-way up, and although Newsmonger makes a gallant effort in Pycroft's practised hands to come away with him he holds his own but for a few strides, and then drops back completely out-paced, leaving Atalanta to run home an easy winner by three lengths.

Backers are for the most part jubilant, but the Ring receive the hoisting of the filly's number with that moody silence wont to steal over them for the moment when heavily hit, and that Sir Marmaduke and his friends have taken a very large stake out of the fielders is well known. The Panton Lodge stable held it one of "the best things" they had had for many a day, and their chief and his followers were very dashing bettors at any time.

A queer look of dismay came over Elliston's face when he saw who was to ride Atalanta. He thought of what Pearson had said at the Spring meeting. Was this boy destined to cross him at every turn, and avenge his father? He felt intuitively that he would win the Julys, although there was no great sagacity necessary to come to that conclusion, for although unable all the morning to discover who was to ride Atalanta he had learnt that she possessed the implicit confidence of the stable, that she was very good-tempered and tractable, and, in short, was an animal, to use the stereotyped phrase, that a child could ride. Elliston had seen quite enough already of Jim Forrest in the saddle to doubt his ability to do justice to Sir Marmaduke's filly, and backed it also for a little at the last. It was not that he had had such a very bad race, but he is haunted with the superstition that the strange apparition of Gerald Rockingham on the racecourse is destined to work his destruction.

CHAPTER XXII.

"HOW VERY DISGRACEFUL!"

MISS ROCKINGHAM was sadly put out when she thought over her brother's relation with Dollie. For a gentleman in Gerald's position, she little guessed what it really was. To keep up such a farce as this flirtation with Bill Greyson's daughter was not only absurd, but in very bad taste to boot; besides, he might find himself in a very awkward scrape if he was not careful. Dollie no doubt was a designing minx, and, for the life of her, Ellen could never have been made to see that a penniless Rockingham, without a settled design for earning his own living, was no great catch after all for even a girl like Dollie. How was she to get hold of Gerald's address? It was high time somebody spoke seriously to him about the miserable entanglement. Ellen, despite she thoroughly recognised the change that their father's death and altered circumstances had wrought in Gerald, still could not quite resign the ascendancy of an elder sister. Two or three years' seniority at one time of life represent at least half-a-dozen between sister and brother, and the former is occasionally slow to understand the latter claiming independence. We have all experience of some relatives who steadfastly ignore that we have grown up, and pester us with unasked-for advice till their or our own course be run.

However, what Miss Rockingham might have to say to her brother necessarily remained for the present unsaid, though whether that is altogether to the benefit of the future recipient I am not clear. Sometimes, there is no doubt, the dose of good advice stored up for us evaporates; sometimes circumstances occur that point out the futility of administering it; but there are times when it takes a cumulative tendency, and then no power can prevent the possessor from favouring us with the result of such thoughtful interest on our behalf.

Ellen was crossing St. Helen's Square one morning, still pondering over what Gerald might be doing, and why he should make a mystery of his proceedings, when she ran across John Thorndyke.

"Good morning, Miss Rockingham. Have you seen what a wonderful house Mr. Grudson is building out towards Acomb? You don't know him, I suppose?"

"Only by name. He is one of the new people about here, is he not? Made his money as a manufacturer, I think."

"Yes; but the family is well known round York, where they have been yeoman farmers for generations. This is the first of them who, conforming to the spirit of the age, has left the traditional groove, and made his fortune by so doing."

"I am rather conservative in my ideas, and prefer seeing people do their duty in that station of life to which Providence has called them," replied Ellen coldly.

"You are putting a wrong interpretation on that sentence, and you know it," rejoined Thorndyke seriously. "The mass of mankind have to earn their bread; and, according to their capabilities, so does the choice rest with them how they will do it, and, providing they conscientiously do their best in the path they have chosen, so are they doing their duty."

"You misunderstand me, Mr. Thorndyke," said Ellen, in some confusion at the rebuke she felt she had well merited. "I only meant that I am opposed to what is termed in these days the fusion of classes."

"Ah! it's useless swimming against the stream. All that rigid demarcation of classes is a thing of the past; clean gone, Miss Rockingham. Dukes put their sons into trade in these times, and cotton-spinners wed with the Peerage, while—strangest caprice of all—I see by the papers that a young fellow of good family is actually getting his living at Newmarket as a jockey."

"How very disgraceful!" said Ellen.

"Well, I don't know; I presume he found he had it to get, and, perhaps, it was the work he was best fitted for. Any way, you will admit it to be more honourable than living on his friends."

"Yes; but it's shocking to think of a gentleman in such a menial situation."

"I don't go racing now," rejoined Thorndyke; "but, from all I hear, jockeys don't view themselves at all in that light. The

present generation of racing men have utterly spoilt them by treating them almost as equals; their heads have been turned; and a more arrogant set of little monkeys, I'm told, don't exist. Still, Miss Rockingham, *à propos* to the newspaper *canard*, which is probably a mere gossip, with no basis of truth in it: when a man, especially a gentleman, is suddenly called on from circumstances to get his own bread and cheese, it isn't, believe me, a matter of choice. For the most part he has to take such work as falls to his hand, and that he feels competent to cope with."

"Yes; and it is that which makes us so uneasy about my brother. That we are a ruined family you must, of course, have heard. We're too well known in the East Riding for our troubles not to be county talk; and I may confess to you as a friend, if you will allow me to call you so—thanks, Mr. Thorndyke; but I don't require protestations," interrupted Ellen, as the Rector was about to make vigorous protest of his assenting; "that we can neither make out what Gerald is doing, nor where he is."

"It is almost superfluous to say, Miss Rockingham, that I would help you if I could; but, further than the fact that you do possess a younger brother, I know nothing."

"Not likely you would," replied Ellen, with a faint smile; "not likely you will; but should accident throw any information in your way concerning him, please don't forget how anxious I am to learn something about him. His not writing is so inexplicable."

"You may depend upon me, Miss Rockingham," said John Thorndyke, as he raised his hat.

Sometimes Ellen wished she could see Dollie again. It was possible if they met, she thought, that the girl might take a less defiant attitude, although the termination of their last interview left little hope that such would be the case. Still Ellen felt that she had one opening which would enable her to recur to the subject. She could always inquire if Dollie had got Gerald's permission to divulge his address, as it was still required by his lawyers. This trainer's daughter, who quoted Tennyson, who claimed to be on an equality with herself, and who, she had no doubt, actually considered herself engaged to Gerald, was a phenomenon that Ellen could not understand. Mrs. Rockingham was getting more reconciled to her modest lodgings now; not but what she had borne her reverses courageously from the first. Still it is a great trial for a woman who has been all her life mistress of a large establishment, to come down to four or five rooms and her maid. She must necessarily miss the gardens, the flowers, the carriages, and all the superfluities which long habit has made part and parcel of her existence. We can do without these things, but once accustomed to them we miss them sorely if misfortune compels us to give them up. Do you remember what Sam Slick said about selling his clocks? "It's soft sawder gets 'em into the house and human nature keeps 'em there." His plan was to persuade the housewives just to allow him to leave one of his clocks with them till he came round again, as a convenience to himself, he having too many with him. By the time he came their way again they had got used to the comfort of a clock on the mantelpiece, and bought it sooner than lose it.

Society, too, in York—and there is usually some pleasant society in a cathedral town—was excessively civil to the Rockinghams. They were well known and much sympathised with in their fallen fortunes, and though there could be no doubt that the late Squire had wrought his own ruin by his carelessness and extravagance, yet he had been always a popular man, and it was widely whispered that his weaknesses had been taken much advantage of both by his cousin and his solicitor. Then the mysterious disappearance of Gerald was another reason why people should make much of Mrs. Rockingham and her daughter, for, of course, it had leaked out that he had left Cambridge, and that neither his mother nor sister knew where he was. Society jumping to a conclusion after the hasty and airy manner in which Society usually elucidates any little problem of this nature, that is to say, without any positive knowledge of the premises, deduces that Gerald Rockingham has behaved disgracefully, that he has abandoned those it was his bounden duty to protect, and probably taken to dissolute courses. Society, as a whole, sweetly ignores that a University career is not to be achieved without money, or that if we have to earn our living in humble fashion, it adds bitterness to the bread of adversity to earn it where we have previously figured as one of the privileged who "toil not neither do they spin." The consequence of all this was that Mrs. Rockingham and Ellen in a quiet way went out a good deal; the widow being urged thereto in the first place principally by her daughter, who thought rightly that nothing could be worse for her than that she should brood too much upon the past. All this had, of course, been very gradual, and it was only the last two months or so that Mrs. Rockingham had been induced to emerge from her seclusion.

Mr. Durnford had done what a clever, well-to-do man of the world was sure to do, and become a leading star in the new social sphere upon which he had entered. As before said, the new Canon's little dinners soon began to be talked about. When a man is not only a *gourmet* and a brilliant talker, but understands the mixing of his guests as thoroughly as the mixing of his salads, his feasts imprint themselves on men's minds. In this world of dreary and indifferent dinners, it is something to look back upon those in which both our intellects and senses were gratified. Men have obtained celebrity for conferring much more dubious benefit on their fellow-creatures; but Mr. Durnford was thoroughly appreciated by those whom he honoured with his intimacy. He had taken a great fancy both to John Thorndyke and Ellen Rockingham, and they were frequently of the Canon's weekly dinner party; and so it was that they had come to see a good deal of each other of late.

That Mr. Thorndyke, with his advanced Liberal views, should occasion Miss Rockingham considerable astonishment was natural. She could hardly, swathed in her narrow sectarian ideas, understand a clergyman having such opinions; but what surprised her more than anything was that a man like Mr. Durnford, a Canon of York Minster, and a supposed decidedly High Churchman, should agree with the Radical Rector of St. Olave's. Still, she could not resist admiring Thorndyke for the consistency and audacity of his freely-expressed convictions; and that they should be to a considerable extent endorsed by Mr. Durnford, gave them additional weight with her. This morning she had advanced a step further, and given him her confidence also.

(To be continued)

SOME AMUSING NATIVE PUBLICATIONS have lately been brought out in the Indian North-West Provinces. One poem, "The Vijayini Vajaya Vajayanti," commemorates the brilliant success of the British in Egypt, while another volume is of Blue Ribbon tendencies, and "contains seven stories, told to each other by seven wives about each other's husbands, who had all been addicted to some intoxicating liquor or drug."

A CHINESE LEPER SHOW is the latest attraction offered to the American public. A Transatlantic doctor is travelling across the States with two Celestial lepers in order to raise public feeling against Mongolian immigrants, but most of the big cities of his line of route do not appreciate the prospect, and invite the enterprising showman to pass them by. However, his efforts are hardly needed, to judge from the latest official reports on the Chinese cheap labour subject. According to trustworthy statistics, not only has Chinese immigration ceased altogether in California, but numbers of Mongols are actually going away, and, if many more leave, the established industries of the State will suffer. Through this decrease Chinese labourers now command nearly double their former wages.

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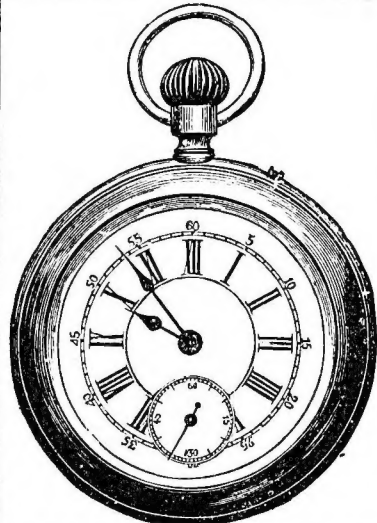
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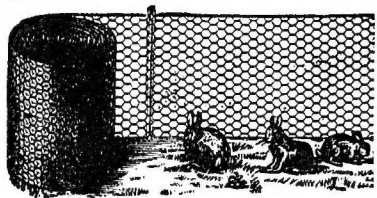


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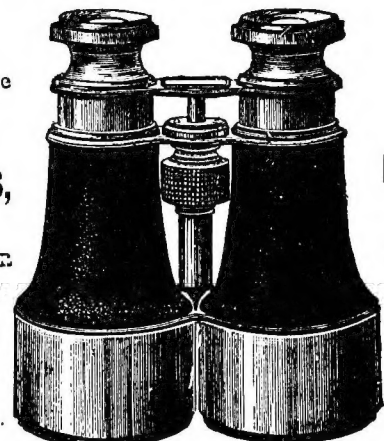
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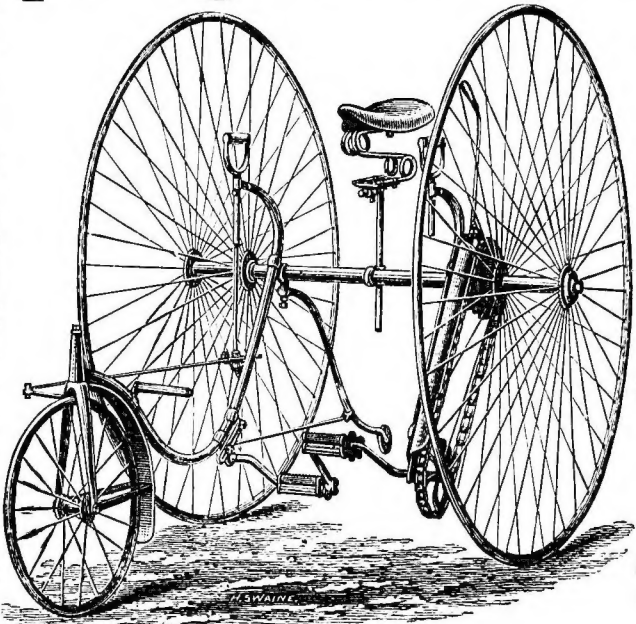


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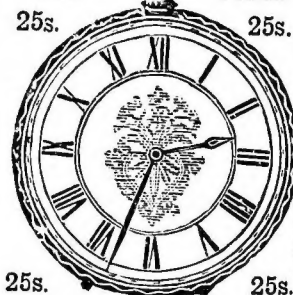
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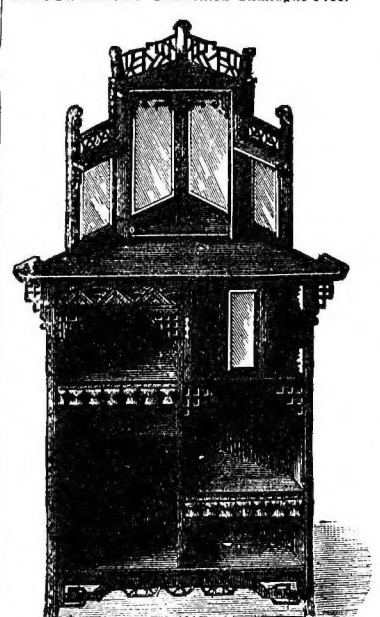
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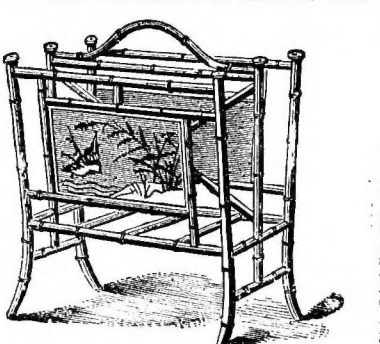
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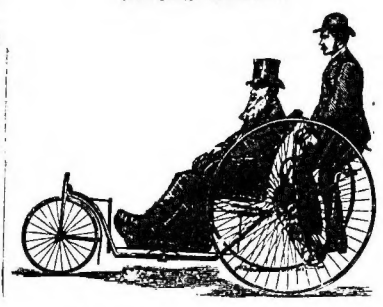
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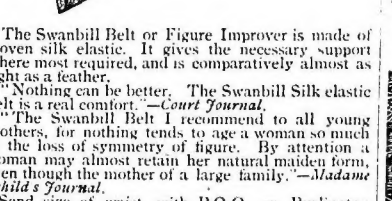


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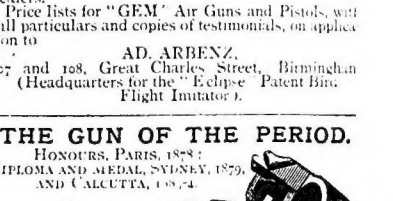
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